THE SPEAKER

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THAT another grave crisis has arisen in the history of our relations with China, and through China with more than one of the great Powers of Europe, is the leading fact which the past week has brought to light. Our diplomacy has been completely outwitted at Pekin, and we are left to submit to a humiliation that we ought never to have incurred, or to resort to arms against a coalition of the European Powers. It is at this moment that the doors of Parliament are closed, and that the Prime Minister—who is also the Foreign Secretary—has left the country. We do not believe that such a step as Lord Salisbury's departure from England at a critical time like the present was ever before taken by an English statesman. In their bitterness people might say that we could not suffer from Lord Salisbury's absence, because the Foreign Office could not possibly be in feebler hands than his. But, even if that were literally true, the fact that the Prime Minister has abandoned his post when it is his imperative duty to remain at it, would not be a pleasant one. We must leave the supporters of the Government to reconcile Lord Salisbury's departure with the grave complications which he leaves behind him for other people to settle—if they can.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued yesterday after a session which has been of little profit to the country, and inglorious, if not positively disastrous, to the Government. Its one notable achievement has been the Irish Local Government Bill, a measure in the gestation of which the Tory leaders have occupied just ten years. The closing week of the session, which it is hardly necessary to review in detail, has been particularly unfortunate to Ministers. The Peers having defied Lord Salisbury a week ago, and insisted upon striking out the amendment which a vacillating and timid Government had introduced into the Vaccination Bill, lost courage on Monday, and rallying once more to the support of Lord Salisbury, restored the obnoxious amendment to the Bill. They did not do so, however, before there had been a determined attempt at revolt on the part of some of the Tory Peers, and a debate in which the Prime Minister not only said many strong things, but had to listen to some uttered by the revolting Peers.

STRONG feeling with regard to the action of the House of Lords has been aroused among Conservatives in the country, and the Press of the party has spoken of the hereditary Chamber in terms the reverse of respectful. On the other hand it is clear that the Peers themselves have closed the labours of the legislative year under a feeling of intense exasperation against the Ministry. It may be questioned, indeed, if the House of Lords was ever really as angry with Mr. Gladstone or Lord Rosebery as it now is with Lord Salisbury. But there is this difference in its attitude towards Lord Salisbury compared with its attitude towards Liberal Prime Ministers—it obeys the former, however much it may dislike his policy. The latter it almost invariably defied and endeavoured to thwart, even when their policy was unmistakably beneficial to the nation.

IN the region of foreign affairs the Government has fared even more badly in the closing week of the session than in questions of purely domestic politics. In the early part of the week questions were asked with regard to Russia and China, and Mr. Curzon had to confess that he was not able to define our exact position. China had thanked us for our statement that we would defend her against any power that might attempt by bullying to prevent her carrying out concessions made to English commercial men, but had at the same time blandly denied that such bullying had been attempted. On the other hand, the question over which the difficulty has arisen—the proposed employment of English capital in the construction of the Niu-Chwang railway—remains unsettled; and we have no kind of assurance that it is likely to be settled in our favour. Furthermore, Germany, who has also attempted to limit the employment of English capital in railway construction in Shan-Tung, has given us a very polite reply to an inquiry addressed to her on the subject, in which she denies seeking to exclude us or anybody else from a share in the development of Shan-Tung, but claims that all railway concessions in that province should in the first place be offered to Germans. It is not surprising that these facts should have aggravated the popular distrust of Lord Salisbury's policy.

SOME of this distrust found expression in the debate on the Appropriation Bill in the House of Commons on Wednesday afternoon. It ranged over a wide field, but was chiefly concerned with British policy in China and the barriers to ingress by the "open door" which are presented by the railway concessions to capitalists

controlled by Russia. Much dissatisfaction was expressed on both sides of the House at the inaction of the Government, which found its only defender in Captain Bethell; though Mr. R. Wallace, the extremely independent representative of East Edinburgh, subsequently entered his protest against Jingoism, and Sir Thomas Sutherland gave a qualified approval to the acquisition of Wei-hai-Wei. Sir William Harcourt asked if England is to fall between two stools—the policy of the "open door" and the policy of "spheres of influence." He complained bitterly of the dilatoriness of our Foreign Office and of the scantiness of the information it had furnished; and he emphasised the position that these concessions really close "the open door." Finally he urged, adopting a famous saying of Lord Beaconsfield, that the key of China was in London, and that the right way to deal with Russia was by diplomatic negotiation and not by menace. Mr. Balfour's reply was a piece of adroit dialectic insufficiently inspired (as he admitted) by knowledge of the facts. He urged that our commerce must decline, relatively though not absolutely, as that of other nations increased: that Russia cannot but exercise a dominant influence at Peking: and he defended our acquisition of Wei-hai-Wei—which he described as strategically an island, and expressed a wish that it were actually so. Finally he deprecated the "sphere of influence" policy, declared that we were getting our fair share of concessions in China, and ridiculed the idea of making a diplomatic arrangement with a country which, according to the advocates of negotiation, we could not fight.

After this the debate languished, Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett preaching the policy of an Anglo-Turkish alliance, and Mr. Lowe protesting against the stoppage of the admittedly illicit traffic in arms in the Persian Gulf. But attention was drawn by Mr. Dillon and Mr. Bryce to the position of Crete, and an attempt was made—and ruled out of order—to discuss the alleged corruption at the late Grimsby election.

Mr. Balfour's assertion that British enterprise is holding its own in the struggle for concessions in China met with a crushing rejoinder on Thursday morning, in the announcement of the complete success of Russia in imposing conditions which made it impossible to invest British capital in the projected Niu-Chwang line. Thus the trade of a considerable part of North-Eastern China will be forced away from its natural outlet to the sea and carried some hundreds of miles farther along a Russian line into Russian territory; or the line to Niu-Chwang, if made at all, will be made under the auspices of Russia. In either case there will be differential rates against British goods, or secret rebates to other than British subjects, and in case of any prospect of hostilities the lines will be strategical railways for Russia. At the same time, the existence of the Peking-Hankau contract, with its provision that the Russian Minister shall decide in all disputes affecting the railway, is fully admitted, and Li Hung Chang is declared by the Tsung-li-Yamen to be responsible. This contract, indeed, is still unratified; but the Belgian, Russian, and French Ministers are pressing for its ratification, and it is too much to hope that any serious effort will be made by our Foreign Office in opposition.

On Thursday evening, after the bad news about the Niu-Chwang railway concession had been officially confirmed by Mr. Balfour, an Indian debate marked the close as it had marked the opening of the session. The subjects chiefly discussed were the Indian Press Law and the need of technical education in India. The reactionary modifications in the former were defended officially as being in substance the old law as modified by judicial interpretation. Technically, this may be a fair defence: but one cannot help feeling that the restrictions, nevertheless, are the product of reaction and panic: and there is no special sanctity about judicial interpretation, even if it is given by the highest court in the empire—indeed, remembering how often it has changed the plain meaning of statutes, one might regard the modification of its results as one of the chief functions of the legislator. Of the efforts towards an increase of industrial education in India a hopeful account was given. But the chief obstacle to the growth of Indian industry and commerce seems to be not the want of training but the dispositions and prejudices of the young Baboo.

Mr. Curzon's appointment to the Viceroyalty of India, which was formally announced on Thursday, is not altogether a surprise. It has been well received in England and India, though Mr. Curzon is regarded by some observers as altogether too brilliant and too expert for the post. He is a very clever and successful debater of great general ability and industry, endowed with ample self-confidence and with a certain pomposity and exuberance of verbiage which has stuck to him ever since he was a speaker at the Oxford Union, and has not wholly disappeared—though it has much abated in his last book on the East. Moreover, he is a practical traveller, and almost an explorer, who has studied Eastern questions on the spot, and has very decided views, backed by knowledge and set forth in his books on British policy in the East. It is natural that congratulation on his appointment should be tempered by the feeling that it would have been preferable to send out a steady middle-aged financier, open to be coached by experts on high policy, and strong enough, as well as old enough, to make a clearance of the incompetent occupants of certain high official posts in the Indian Government. On the other hand, some recent Viceroys who seemed antecedently likely to answer this description have not fulfilled expectation: and Mr. Curzon—for whom some of the ablest judges of character at Oxford used to prophesy a great career while he was still an undergraduate—will, we trust, show that his ability as a debater and a writer is equalled by his power of managing men. We cordially wish him success in his work.

Lord Charles Beresford's mission to China as the emissary of the Associated Chambers of Commerce seems at first sight an amusing but not a very hopeful enterprise. He is an extremely able and daring seaman, and an authority on matters connected with his profession, but there has never been any reason to suppose that he knows much about commerce or, indeed, about China. A dozen men, one imagines, might easily be named who would give more trustworthy and authoritative reports. Presumably, however, he will be accompanied and instructed by specialists, and one thing is certain—he will put the results of the mission more effectively and obtain a wider hearing for them than would have been obtained by most people. The enterprise therefore, may not prove unsatisfactory after all.

An unfortunate and discreditable incident occurred at the meeting of the Dublin City Council on Monday last. A letter had been sent to the Council by the Duke of Westminster, as chairman of the Gladstone National Memorial Committee, asking the support of the Council in the scheme for erecting a statue of Mr. Gladstone in Dublin. Upon receipt of this communication the Council resolved unanimously that no statue of any Englishman ought to be erected in Dublin until a fitting one had been raised to the memory of Mr. Parnell. It is said that this resolution, which emanated from a member of the Parnellite party, did not indicate the real opinion of the Council, but that the members, owing to

the condition of ward politics in Dublin, did not dare to oppose it. This certainly does not make the action of the Council less discreditable. If Irishmen think that they ought to erect a statue to Mr. Parnell, who was responsible for wrecking the Home Rule policy of Mr. Gladstone, they are free to do so, provided they will put their hands in their pockets and subscribe the necessary funds. This, however, is just what they do not seem to be prepared to do. The Dublin councillors prefer the cheaper expedient of refusing to allow a statue of Mr. Gladstone, subscribed for by men of all parties, to be erected on any ground over which they have control. That their action is ungracious need not be said. It is more than ungracious, however. It is supremely silly.

THE inquest on the victim of lead poisoning at the Potteries, who has just died in the London Hospital, will certainly not tend to allay the agitation now in progress. The local inspector declared that the factory at which the deceased worked was about midway between the best and the worst; and the lady inspector who was sent down from the Home Office testified to various unsatisfactory features in the precautions taken, though, as her report to the Home Office was confidential, the whole truth was probably not revealed. The Home Office expert on lead poisoning, too, was unable to come. Enough was brought out, however, to show that the condition of many of the persons employed must be far worse than those which brought the last victim to a lingering and terrible death. It is no answer to say, what is perfectly true, that the victims themselves are grossly careless. That is true of all dangerous trades, which, indeed, obviously tend to get those workers who are least able to look after themselves. If modern sanitation demands these processes, at least the workers should be kept from doing themselves mischief.

MR. HOOLEY was to have appeared at the Bankruptcy Court for the continuation of his examination on Wednesday; but it was announced on the authority of a medical certificate that he was too ill to appear, and his examination was in consequence postponed. Certain gentlemen respecting whom he had made various statements in his original evidence, were permitted to appear and to contradict those statements upon oath. But it is likely that this remarkable case will before long undergo an unexpected development. Mr. Justice Wright, sitting in Bankruptcy, has had his attention called to Mr. Hooley's allegations as to attempts said to have been made to induce him by bribery to alter or withdraw the evidence he had already given. These attempts, if they have been made, constitute in the opinion of the judge a very gross contempt of Court, and he has announced his determination to have the whole matter thoroughly sifted. Both Mr. Hooley and the persons against whom he has made such serious allegations are to be called before the judge and examined upon oath.

ABROAD.

PEACE is assured between the United States and Spain without the preliminary bargaining and temporising which had been expected from Señor Sagasta's Government. Spain will accept the American terms, withdraw her troops as soon as possible from Cuba and Porto Rico, cede Guam in the Ladrone Islands as a coaling station, and leave the destiny of the Philippines to be determined by a commission, which is to assemble at an early date in Paris. Pending a full settlement the Americans are to occupy Manila and the district round it—which is welcome news for the inhabitants, native and foreign, and the friends of the latter in America and Europe; for the want of food and fuel is becoming very serious, and the sharp fighting and bloodshed reported would soon have been greatly multiplied. The attitude of the insurgents, too, raises embarrassing questions. Nothing seems to be said about a war indemnity, nor about the assumption of the Cuban debt by the United States. The cessation of hostilities is an immense relief, both in America and Spain. But the most difficult problems raised by the war have as yet been hardly touched.

THE Dreyfus-Zola-Esterhazy imbroglio continues to exhibit fresh developments. M. Zola's appeal against his conviction by the Paris police-court for libelling the handwriting experts has resulted in an increase of his penalty, and the decision of the Court of Cassation as to the connection between his defence and the Dreyfus case is, so far as it goes, adverse to his claim to widen the issues in his own case: and the opinion of the Public Prosecutor that there is no ground for the prosecution of Major Esterhazy and Mdlle. Pays for forgery of documents and subornation of forgery is a still graver check. This opinion conflicts with the views of M. Bertulus, the *juge d'instruction* who conducted their examination; but the decision of the Court between these two opinions is unknown as we go to press. The proceedings have brought on the scene one Christian Esterhazy, a cousin of the Major, who declares that he himself both arranged the interview with the "veiled lady" and secured the collaboration of M. du Paty de Clam in the manœuvres intended to divert suspicion from Esterhazy to Dreyfus—all of which is invaluable material for the advocates of re-trial.

BUT the popular manifestations of senseless militarism have broken out afresh among ultra-Radicals and ultra-Catholics alike—not merely in Paris before the statue of Étienne Dolet, the great freethinker of the Renaissance, whose professed admirers have used the anniversary of his death as a means of stifling freedom of thought by riotous demonstrations; but at Nantes, the most Catholic city in France. There the French Association for the Advancement of Science has been holding its annual meeting; and as its president, M. Grimaux, is a supporter of the reopening of the Dreyfus case, he and M. Yves Guyot of the *Siècle* were assaulted by a mob. Moreover, the mayor of the little town of Clisson, in inviting the Association to visit it, requested them in offensive terms to leave MM. Grimaux and Yves Guyot behind. It seems too that M. Buisson, the well-known educational expert, whose work on higher education in England was reviewed in the autumn of 1896 in our columns, is likely to share the fate of M. Paul Stapfer for a similar courageous indiscretion.

THE tangle of intrigues in the Near East is a little more confusing than usual just now. We may dismiss the visit just paid to the Czar by King Charles of Roumania as merely a case of that kind of "reinsurance" of which more illustrious examples have been given by greater potentates, and which has recently been exemplified by Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. But the reception of that Prince at the Montenegrin capital by Prince Nicolas, the special favourite of Russia among the Balkan princes, points to common defensive action against Servia, where King Milan's action is raising fresh alarms. A new Servian loan of ten million francs is to be raised by the issue of paper-money; and, the communes throughout Servia have been deprived of all voice in the nomination of their mayors, who now are to be appointed by the central government alone. Clearly King Milan is preparing for vigorous action of some sort, in spite of all opposition among the Servian

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages

people; but what he expects to effect it is not easy to imagine. A "Balkan league" against Austria is, indeed, talked of, and presumably Milan intends to play jackal for the Dual Monarchy. But Austria is in no condition to move, and Russia will assuredly not allow peace in the Balkans to be disturbed.

LITERATURE, etc. CHATEAUBRIAND, father of the Romantic movement in France, champion of Christianity, patriotism, and a kind of liberal and sentimental monarchism, was commemorated at St. Malo, the place of his birth and burial, last Sunday, the fiftieth anniversary of his death. There was a service in the cathedral, an aggressive sermon by Père Ollivier—whose attempt to draw a moral from the calamity at the Charity Bazaar last year shocked the non-Catholic public of France—a procession to the rocky and picturesque islet where Chateaubriand lies buried, and a very happy address by M. Melchior de Vogüé, dwelling on Chateaubriand's "mediation between two centuries," his enthusiastic patriotism, and the great additions that he made to the stock of French phrases and French ideas. The French genius, M. Melchior de Vogüé said, is in contact with all the world. Yet it has periods of isolation, and it was this recoil for which Chateaubriand's work furnished a needful corrective. M. Ferdinand Brunetière also spoke in the evening; but he seems to have preferred not to be reported. The revival of Chateaubriand's fame is natural enough, we think. He represents an expansive, poetic, liberal aspect of Catholicism—or rather a Catholicism that would be liberal if its opponents would allow it scope. Possibly, were he alive now he would treat his monarchism as pure poetry and sentiment, and "rally," as Liberal Catholics have done their best to rally, to the Parliamentary Republic. He could hardly idealise the present Orleanist Pretender, though Prince Henry of Orleans would possibly claim his enthusiasm. And his genius would undoubtedly give force and colour to the present movement for the expansion of France in uncivilised countries which is so ardently promoted by enthusiasts at home, and shows as yet so little substance abroad.

OBITUARY. LIEUT.-GENERAL ROBERT HAWLEY, C.B., formerly of the 60th Rifles, and subsequently the holder of an important post at the War Office, had taken a prominent part in the introduction of the system of drill at present adopted in our army, and had been the teacher of several of the best known officers of the day.—Mr. Charles James Manning was Chief Justice in Equity of the Supreme Court of New South Wales.—Mr. Walter Wren, to whom further reference is made on a later page, had succeeded, in the face of immense physical difficulties, in accomplishing a great work as a teacher and organiser of the teaching, chiefly of candidates for the Indian Civil Service. He was a sound Liberal, and had for a brief period represented Wallingford in Parliament; and he was one of the members for North-East Bethnal Green in the first London County Council. For a time he was an ardent practical agriculturist.—M. Félix Martin-Feuillée, Minister of Justice in the second Ferry Cabinet (1883–5), and previously Under-Secretary of State at the Ministry of Justice, successively in the Cabinets of De Freycinet, Ferry, and Gambetta in 1879–81, had effected important reforms in the judicial system of France. He had been out of public life since his rejection by his constituents in the department of the Ille-et-Vilaine in 1889.—Professor Georg Ebers, of Leipzig, well known to the learned as standing in the front rank of Egyptologists, was perhaps better known to the general public by his novels—"Uarda," "An Egyptian Princess," and others—dealing with the life of ancient Egypt.—Prof. James Hall, of Albany, New York, had done much to elucidate the geology of America.—Prof. August Rossbach, of Breslau, was an authority on Greek metre and music.—Mr. Rawson Walker, British Consul at Manila, had served in the Mediterranean ports and in the United States as Consul, and had done much to safeguard British interests during the troubles in the Philippines.—The death is also reported of Mr. F. W. Ramsden, British Consul at Santiago de Cuba.—Mrs. W. G. Ward, widow of "Ideal Ward," well known as one of the pioneers in the Oxford Movement, was herself not undistinguished as a writer on subjects of special interest to her adopted Church.—Mr. John Platts was a conspicuous representative of Derbyshire cricket.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE AND THE FAR EAST.

ALTHOUGH the members of the Opposition spoke on Wednesday not knowing that China had turned a deaf ear to English representations and yielded to Russia in the matter of the Niu-Chwang railway as in everything else, they had a very strong case, even as it was, against the Government. Ministers, by common consent, have been something more than merely unfortunate in their management of the foreign policy of the country, and their greatest humiliations and disappointments have undoubtedly occurred in connection with China. It was a proper thing, therefore, that public attention should be called to their mismanagement of this part of the business of the country before Parliament brought its deliberations for the year to an end. Such speeches as those of Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Robson, and Sir William Harcourt were practically unanswerable, and Mr. Balfour exercised a wise discretion when he refrained from any attempt to meet them with anything in the nature of a serious reply. It is not necessary to go into the technical details of this or the other concession in China in order to prove that the Government policy in the Far East has been a disastrous one. We have only to compare our position in China to-day with that which we occupied so recently as a year ago in order to see clearly how much we have lost, both in prestige and in material advantages, during the twelve months. Twelve months ago English influence in China was still greater than that of any other Power. We held our own there by virtue of our ancient rights, our enormous preponderance of trading interests, and our naval and political supremacy in Eastern waters. What is the case to-day? Even an optimist and cynic like Lord Salisbury will not dare to pretend that we are any longer the chief Power in China. We have seen our influence reduced to a lower point than that at which it has stood for many a long year. We have seen other Powers not merely treading on our heels — which they are entitled to do if they can—but hustling us out of spheres of influence which we had thought absolutely our own. We have been cajoled, hoodwinked, and finally defied by Russia, and we have had the mortification of seeing that the Tsung-li-Yamen hardly cares to conceal its belief that we may be jockeyed even by a Chinese Minister with impunity. It is unquestionably a miserable position in which we now stand in China compared with that which we occupied twelve months ago.

What is the cause of this great change for the worse in the state of our affairs in the Far East? The answer must be that we have suffered in this way because there has been neither clearness of foresight, firmness of purpose, or strength of will at the Foreign Office. We are not unnaturally very angry

at the manner in which Russia has acted. She has not shown either the good faith or the ordinary sense of fair play that we might reasonably have expected of her. But angry though we may be with Russia and her statesmen, we cannot blame them for having pursued their traditional policy. Russia knows her own mind, and pursues the path she has marked out for herself with unfaltering steps. The business of our statesmen ought to be to recognise this fact, and to meet any emergency which may arise from the Russian advance. No good can come of mere girding at Russia because her diplomatists use language which is capable of other interpretations than that which it seems naturally to bear, and because Russian gold is freely used among the corrupt officials of China in order to smooth the way for the policy of the Czar. Every schoolboy might be expected to have learned something of Russian methods ere this, and it is mere folly for politicians and Ministers of the Crown to profess surprise, and to talk about "long spoons" and all the rest of it when they are referring to the chosen weapons of Muscovite diplomacy. But our Foreign Office seems to have thought that it had done its duty when it had grumbled loudly enough over the action of Russia, and when it had permitted Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Chamberlain to brandish rhetorical swords in the face of the Czar. From first to last it has not shown any clearness of vision or firmness of purpose; and when events have happened which the most ordinary outsider anticipated as a matter of course, it has displayed a surprised indignation that would be ludicrous if it were not pathetic. This is the great charge that we have to bring against Lord Salisbury and his subordinates. They ought to have foreseen what was about to happen in China, and they ought to have prepared for it on a large scale and with a settled plan of action in their minds. Nobody can pretend that they were without warnings. We have only to read the China blue-books, indeed, in order to see how numerous and how emphatic those warnings were. Yet they never seemed to see anything beyond the event of the day; and that always seemed to take them by surprise. They acted in a desperate fluster as each new incident was suddenly sprung upon them, and too often they acted with so much precipitancy and so great a lack of forethought that they had to make a humiliating retreat from the position which in their hurry they had taken up. The end of it all is that we are left now, simply through the blundering of Ministers, in a position which if it be not actually critical is certainly uncomfortable. We have made a formal statement of a policy which means—now that Russia according to her custom has stood firm in support of her demands—that we must either go to war or make complete surrender of our position in China.

This is the pass to which we have been brought by a "strong" Foreign Minister, enjoying a great reputation and backed by an enormous majority in Parliament. We do not know any story of recent times so discreditable or so humiliating as this of Lord Salisbury's diplomacy in the Far East during the past twelve months. We may be asked if we wish England to go to war with Russia over China. To such a question our reply would be an emphatic negative. We agree entirely with Sir George Clarke, Mr. Arnold-Forster, and the other public men who advocate a good understanding with Russia as the best solution of our present difficulties. But our complaint is that the weakness, the vacillation, and the miserable short-sightedness of Ministers have made such a war far more probable than it would have been if our policy had been directed by men who knew their own minds. We are no admirers of Russian policy, and we certainly do not defend her methods, many of which are open to all the objections that have been urged against them. But the misfortune is that Russia has been encouraged by the folly and incapacity of the British Government in the use of these methods. The greatest mistake which Lord Salisbury made in connection with the China business, and possibly the greatest mistake of his whole career, was his withdrawal of our ships from Port Arthur at the request of Russia. After he had done this, Russia was justified in believing that she might go on with impunity, certain that there was nothing to which Lord Salisbury would not agree, provided sufficient pressure was put upon him. A statesman would, of course, have seen in Russia's complaint about the presence of our ships at Port Arthur an opening for the settlement of the whole China Question. We had at that time, at all events, something to give. We were the dominant naval Power not only in those waters, but in the world. The "mailed fist" was not Russia's or Germany's, but ours, and before we allowed a gunboat to be moved in order to gratify the wishes of any foreign potentate, it was our business to insist upon knowing all that was involved in the impudent request thus made to us. Lord Salisbury made no attempt to learn this. He took our ships away, and only learned too late that the adroit Russian diplomatists had scored a great victory through his miserable weakness. The worst of it all is that there is no sign that this weakness is a thing of the past. Until it is, we can have no hope of any real settlement of the China Question, either by an agreement with Russia or in any other manner; and we shall continue to remain in a position which can only be regarded as one of imminent peril as well as dire humiliation.

THE SESSION.

A DULL Session—dull beyond all "former precedent," even the precedent of last year—has ended in a manner which may almost be called grotesque. Lord Salisbury has left London for the Vosges, and thus there is no Prime Minister in the country, no Foreign Secretary, and no Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. As Parliament has been prorogued the last of these deficiencies may not be serious. But before the prorogation there was a striking example of the abject failure which has attended the policy of the Government in Eastern Asia. On Wednesday, when the Appropriation Bill was read a second time, Sir William Harcourt attempted to extract from Mr. Balfour some information about Chinese railways and other undertakings which deeply interest the commercial world. The First Lord of the Treasury, who seems to have resumed his position as Deputy Head of the Foreign Office, was critical and uncommunicative. Mr. Balfour always speaks as if he were in Opposition. His favourite method of answering questions is to point out that all the assailants of the Government do not agree among themselves. Why should they? It so happens that Lord Salisbury has equally failed to satisfy the Tory Jingoes "below the gangway" and orthodox Cobdenites like the Leader of the Opposition. The complacent assumption that what satisfies nobody must be right is rather a glaring fallacy upon which to found a political defence. The morning after Mr. Balfour's speech the correspondent of the *Times* at Pekin filled up the gaps in the Ministerial apology with the pleasing intelligence that Russia had been completely successful in preventing the

concession to a British company for a new railway from being carried out, and had obtained the right of making one herself into the valley of the Yangtse Kiang, regarded even by the Government as a peculiarly British sphere of interest. Russian interests in the East are not necessarily opposed to ours. If Lord Salisbury had taken advantage of the opportunities offered him in the winter of 1897 and the spring of 1898, when M. Hanotaux at Paris and Count Muravieff at St. Petersburg warned him that the German occupation of Kiao-Chau was resented by Russia, and that the Russian Government would like to know what the policy of Great Britain was, a friendly arrangement between the two chief Powers of the East might have been made. But Lord Salisbury has done neither one thing nor the other. He rejected Russian hints, and he has been worsted by Russian diplomacy. It is many years since the reputation of England abroad stood so low as it stands now.

The most interesting debates of the Session have been on foreign policy, and have by no means redounded to the credit of the Government. The House of Lords has shown complete indifference to the foreign relations of the country, and to everything else except the maintenance of the Conservative Ministry in office. The House of Commons has made occasional and spasmodic efforts to draw something like a declaration of policy from the Treasury Bench. The only result was an alternative display of spheres of interest and open doors. When the open door was shut, it was explained that they had nothing behind them, and when the spheres of interest were appropriated by somebody else, it was added that interest did not mean influence, and that no one quite knew what it did mean. The principal event of the Session after Whitsuntide was the collapse of the Government on the Vaccination Bill. The House of Lords, after making a faint show of resistance, yielded, and the celebrated Conscience Clause is now the law of the land. It was intensely characteristic of Lord Salisbury that even in thrusting this clause upon the House of Lords, and using all the means at his disposal to force it down their throats, he should have sneered at the conscientious objector as a ridiculous and imaginary being. His point that the law could not be enforced without the consent of the local authority was not in harmony either with the decisions of the legal tribunals or with the speeches of Mr. Chaplin in the House of Commons. But Lord Salisbury's cynical sophistry effected its purpose, and the most squeezable Government of modern times was successful in squeezing the House of Lords. An agitation will of course at once arise against the requirement of appearance in court. The Government may be congratulated upon having at last carried the London University Bill. It has taken them three years, and they would not have passed it even now without the assistance of Mr. Haldane. The fact that the Inns of Court are specially exempted from the liability to contribute diminishes the value of the measure. But, at least, London will have a teaching university, and for that result they are largely indebted to the member for East Lothian.

The principal measure of the Session is, of course, the Local Government Act for Ireland, which, like the University Bill, was long overdue. If it had not been accompanied by a perpetual grant, or rather bribe, of seven hundred thousand a year, to be divided among landlords and tenants, no objection could have been raised to it from the Liberal side. Even as it was, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley declined to oppose the grant, and it was left for independent Radicals to protest against the corrupt waste of public money. The Government, however, got a return for their expenditure, though the public did not. The House of Lords, as the Chief Secretary candidly proclaimed in the House of Commons, would not pass the Bill without this money clause, which they could neither initiate nor recommend. There could hardly be a more valuable lesson in the futility of constitutional process. The Lords are not allowed to impose a charge or to alter a charge imposed upon the people. But they can let it be clearly understood, as they did in this case, that they will reject a Bill unless there is money in it. In the Indian debates of February last the Government were, of course, able to defeat Mr. Lawson Walton's amendment by a large majority. But the Opposition had the best of the argument, and subsequent events have more than justified the evacuation of Chitral by the Cabinet of Lord Rosebery. The forward school is dead, and even Mr. Curzon will be unable to revive it. There was to have been a renewed campaign in the spring, and the Afridis were to have been finally subdued. But the campaign was indefinitely postponed, and the reduction of the Afridis was taken as accomplished. The revolt of the Tories on the subject of "old-age pensions" is significant, and may prove serious. Nothing won more votes for Tory candidates at the last General Election than the promise of these pensions, and the contemptuous Report of Lord Rothschild's Committee, to which Ministers referred the matter, has excited dismay among their followers. Mr. Chamberlain's position is really humiliating. He lavished much abuse upon the late Government for not dealing with the question. He propounded a scheme of his own, long since forgotten, which he declared to be quite simple and feasible. Now a Committee appointed by his own colleague, Mr. Balfour, pronounces all schemes to be impracticable, and instead of putting the subject a step forward, has set it several steps back.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND VACCINATION.

THE Vaccination Bill must surely have convinced those who desire a safeguard against ill-considered legislation that the House of Lords is absolutely of no use. There had never, perhaps, been a clearer case for the exercise of independent discretion by a second chamber. We have already expressed our view as to the merits of the question involved and need not discuss them again. The point to which we wish to direct attention is its Parliamentary history. The Vaccination question has never been a general issue at Parliamentary elections. It excited general interest in a few districts, and great interest among a fanatical minority in other districts. The majority regarded the anti-vaccinationist as an amiable fanatic who could be disregarded because he was unlikely to succeed. A Royal Commission was sitting during the General Election and enabled most candidates to avoid giving explicit pledges. Thus the mind of the electors can scarcely be said to have been reflected in the House of Commons, unless by accident. It may, indeed, be urged with great force that there was a grave risk that members would take the line of least resistance on a question which had attracted no general interest, and thus capitulate to the fanatical minority in disregard of the less acute opinion of the lethargic majority, whose votes would in any case be guided by other issues, which they would regard as of more importance than vaccination. The Government introduced a Bill which, whether wise or unwise, was opposed by the minority, and neglected by the mass of members and the mass of

voters. It was discussed with pertinacity by a mere handful in Grand Committee, and when it came downstairs the majority of members still took too little interest to listen to the debates. Indeed, the occasion seemed to be one where silence was eminently golden, for no wise man will incur the enmity of a fanatical minority if he can escape it by drinking tea on the terrace. Under these circumstances, in a lethargic session, it was easy to frighten Mr. Chaplin into believing that, unless he yielded, seats would be lost to the Government, and he yielded accordingly. The Opposition, being even more honeycombed than the Ministerialists with anti-vaccinationists, could not protest, and the working of the party machine thus allowed a minority to control the House of Commons.

It was impossible, looking at the Bill itself, for anyone to contend that this was due to a change of opinion as to vaccination or the best means of enforcing it. The Bill applies to England only. In Ireland and Scotland the existing law has been fairly enforced, and there is no clamour against it. The English alone were so admittedly lawless that the law had to be changed to suit them. Let us imagine for a moment what would have happened if the situation had been reversed. Does anyone suppose that if the Irish had been specially keen against vaccination, the House would have changed the law in Ireland without changing it in England? The answer is obvious. Five members out of six would have been absolutely indifferent to the views of the Irish, and they would have declared with a gallantry nourished by the sense of security, that Irishmen must obey the law as Englishmen did. Thus the effect of the Vaccination Bill was to allow the disobedient minority of Englishmen a license which would never have been accorded to a mere Scotch or Irish minority, and that solely because members of Parliament were afraid of losing votes. Surely here, if ever, was a chance for our Second Chamber. They have, theoretically, no fear of votes. It is their special mission in life to prevent this sort of political log-rolling by which an energetic minority may sometimes impose their will on the popular Chamber. They could say, with some truth, that on this question they represented the people as much as the Commons did, for in most constituencies the issue had never been really before the electors. They could urge that the same process which had captured the House of Commons would explain the inaction of many Boards of Guardians, and that in most cases children had been left unvaccinated because their parents were indifferent, and the Guardians were afraid of losing votes if they reminded them of their duty.

The Lords rallied. That is to say, some forty of them made the sacrifice of remaining some few days longer in London in order to assert the independence of the revising Chamber. The Government could only muster thirty-eight, and the clause was lost. It was re-inserted by the Commons, at one o'clock in the morning, without any real consideration, and under the same influences, good or bad, which had originally secured its insertion. The Lords were encouraged by the whole force of the Conservative Press to stand firm. But four out of every five Peers remained in the country or at Cowes, absolutely indifferent to their public duty, and the Government managed to whip up an additional ten, and thus carry the day. Nobody but Lord Salisbury himself gave any reasons for reversing the decision, and the reason which Lord Salisbury gave was that which had actuated the Government in the House of Commons: that it was useless attempting to coerce a resolute minority—of Englishmen. This reason was sufficient. It was sufficient because, as we have often pointed out, where their own property is not concerned, the Lords are without any real independence. They are a mere committee of the Carlton Club. They will not do anything which might be awkward for the party, and which would lead to possible losses in English elections. The vast majority of the Peers never come near the House of Lords, unless it be to vote against some Irish Bill. The few who do attend never venture to consider any Bill on its merits, if by so doing they might find themselves in conflict with their Whips. It may, perhaps, be urged that this is, so far as England is concerned, a very happy result—a sort of gradual progress to a unicameral system, when the assent of the Peers can be taken for granted as much as the consent of the Crown. But the intermediate stage is rather awkward both for English Liberals, who cannot exercise the same control over the Peers, and for Irishmen, who know that the Peers will oppose every Irish reform unless they are expensively squared. And both Liberals and Irish may appeal to the balancing man, who wants to see some check against hasty legislation, whether the House of Lords really serves the purpose of checking the party which, as recent experience shows, is most likely to take up legislative changes that have not been considered by the country.

THE SPANISH SUBMISSION.

SENOR SAGASTA'S Ministry has wisely faced the inevitable, and has agreed, apparently without much haggling or qualification, to the terms imposed by the victors. The report that an attempt had been made to bargain and to qualify the acceptance caused some impatience in the United States, but the impatience was hardly justified, though it was natural enough. The necessity of submission is almost universally recognised by the public men of Spain. The only notable exception seems to be Señor Romero Robledo, who has invoked the memories of the siege of Saguntum by the Romans, Pelayo and the Cid, and the rising against Napoleon's army of invasion, and has urged that the war should continue until the American army has invaded Spain and has been annihilated by a new guerilla uprising like that which was the prelude to Napoleon's defeat by Wellington. But Señor Robledo is a disappointed and discredited politician, whose party has left him behind, and his rhetoric, which Señor Sagasta has astutely and obligingly allowed to receive the greatest possible publicity, is too fatuous even to give substance to the coffee-house babble of Madrid. We should have expected, indeed, considerably more hesitation to be exhibited by the Spanish Government. The Spanish character is still Oriental enough to procrastinate, and to love bargaining for its own sake; and the Spanish Constitution contains a provision that any Minister surrendering Spanish territory without the consent of the Cortes may be condemned to penal servitude for life. We could hardly have blamed Señor Sagasta's Cabinet had they sheltered themselves from future legalised attacks of their political enemies by making their assent to the terms only provisional. Had they haggled for a while, we should have interpreted that action as intended to put themselves right with the ignorant Spanish public. That they have taken the risks involved in unconditional acceptance of the terms is a welcome proof both of their statesmanship and of their strength. An armistice was urgently necessary in the interest of all parties—the American army in Cuba no less than the Spaniards at Manila. Nothing

could have been gained by fighting on the American side that cannot be gained in negotiation; and the armistice checks the development of the difficult and dangerous questions as to the status of the insurgent organisations, both in the Philippines and in Cuba. To Spain the continuance of fighting could only mean further exhaustion and harder conditions of peace.

The present terms of peace are certainly not unduly severe. Spain is to withdraw from all her West Indian possessions; to cede Guama, in the Ladrones, as a coaling station; and to leave the future of the Philippines to be settled by a joint commission, to sit in Paris—a commission whose American *personnel* inspires confidence in its success. Cuba, it is curious to observe, seems likely to be forced on the United States by Spain herself, as well as by the incompetence of the Cuban insurgents. The Americans have realised what Mr. Olney pointed out at the end of 1896, when he was Secretary of State; that "the Cuban Republic" has no civic reality, present or prospective. The Spanish Government urges—what was insufficiently appreciated before the war—that Spanish subjects have immense private economic interests in Cuba, and that these will be best served if the island is taken over by the Union. Cuba, therefore, in spite of the pledges, expressed and implied, of the United States Government before the war, can only be restored to order by becoming the property of the United States. Soon it will be a territory, hereafter a State or group of States. It will be a most inconvenient addition to the Union; but there will doubtless be a considerable immigration of native Americans, and its commercial classes will probably be able so to control its State Governments and its representatives in Congress as to prevent them from doing much harm to the island or in American politics. Porto Rico seems likely to become American even more readily than the State of Texas half a century ago. The American invasion has been almost a triumphal progress; and the inhabitants, who have never revolted against Spain, are saved by that very fact from the obstacles to cession presented by the insurgent Government in Cuba. The interest in the settlement, therefore, is mainly prospective—in the problem of the Philippines, and in the effect produced on the American Constitution by the acquisition in some form or other of a colonial empire.

We say "in some form or other," because the case of the Philippines raises some very curious and difficult questions. We trust it may not give rise to international complications, but the feeling in favour of the acquisition of the whole archipelago by the United States is evidently rising in America again. The *New York Herald*, always the faithful exponent, according to its lights, of the mood of the moment in America, has been arguing that if the United States is merely to hold the district round Manila, there must of necessity be filibustering expeditions, and the old difficulty as to Cuba will rise in an acuter form. If expeditions could not be stopped from crossing a strip of sea, it will not be easy to stop their crossing a purely imaginary line. An insurgent Government will be utterly impotent to secure order, still less to facilitate the development of the islands by international commerce. Why then, it asks, should America make two bites at the Philippine cherry? That question would have been pressed if Spain had not yielded now, and only one answer would have been possible. But that answer may yet be given; but, as has often been pointed out in these pages, it will involve the United States in many difficulties. Not only, as we have said, will the complications be endless in the islands themselves, but at home there will be a legal and constitutional difficulty as to whether the islands can be held as dependencies, or as anything but territories destined in course of time to be transformed into states. The transformation may be indefinitely remote, and the Malays, Negritos, and miscellaneous half-breeds of the islands will at least not be voters in Presidential elections. But they will presumably run their own territorial government, they will be citizens of the United States, free from any disqualification on the ground of race or colour, and they can migrate into America if they please—even such of them as are of Chinese origin. We foresee the Chinese immigration question in an acute form, and a struggle over a Constitutional amendment enabling the United States to hold colonies and exercise Protectorates. But of this we may say more on a future occasion, as also of the possible effect of the war on the social structure of America. We need only say in passing that the disorganisation exhibited by the War Office and the army before Santiago indicates that there is not much immediate fear of the militarist peril.

In Spain at present we see no sign of coming revolution. The Carlists, of course, are talking of it; and they are said to be preparing to smuggle munitions of war through France from Switzerland—the money being supplied by the religious orders who exploit and tyrannise over the Philippine Islanders. But we doubt if the Spanish public is foolish enough to accept civil war in addition to its other misfortunes: and the burlesque rising in the province of Valencia does not promise much success for the revolutionists. Freed from the incubus of revolting colonies, Spain's internal resources may at last be properly developed. It was, indeed, her colonies which prevented their development in the last century by attracting the available capital and talent and exhausting both. And the final ruin of Spain would involve Europe in so tremendous a series of disasters that we trust Continental diplomacy may continue to aid her submission. In the United States that burst of prosperity of which President McKinley was to be the advance agent cannot be much longer delayed. The war was to have lasted a fortnight; it has lasted three months and cost considerably more than the Crimean War. It may set up European complications; it may transform America. At any rate, whatever its precise motives, it has got rid of a grave scandal, and has made for the cause of humanity and civilisation. It remains to be seen whether the settlement reached will be as satisfactory in the East as in the West.

INSURANCE.

FROM the report for 1897 issued by the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation (incorporated "by Royal Charter" in the year 1720) it will be seen that the life branch of this fine old office is continuing the policy of expansion initiated in the latter part of the 'Eighties, when the comparative lethargy into which it had drifted was brought to a close, and the Royal Exchange awakened to a healthy business activity. Since then various changes and improvements have taken place. The agency organisation has been extended, the executive has been fortified by the infusion of new blood, the prospectus has been revised and amplified, and, generally speaking, measures have been taken to give the reputation, solidity, and "bonus" powers of the old Corporation their fair share in competition with younger and more pushing rivals in the business. So far as can be seen, these altered methods of the Royal Exchange

have been altogether justified by the results. Though there has been no spasmodic increase in the figures annually reported, the turnover of new business has steadily increased in a measure suggestive of healthy growth, and, with the expenses kept within discreet limits and a proper care maintained in the selection of risks, the friends of the Royal Exchange have every reason to approve the line taken by the life branch. The Corporation may be said, in fact, to have received a new lease of life and to have entered the arena of modern competition with a degree of success proportionate to its high position among the insurance offices of the country.

Coming to particulars, the report under consideration tells us that the new policies added last year to the books of the Corporation made up a total in sums assured of £689,569; the premium income was £196,071, and the accumulated life and annuity funds reached £2,422,061. As illustrative of the observations made above it may be interesting to give here the corresponding figures for the year 1888. These were: "New Business," £173,332; premium income, £136,804; accumulated life funds, £2,029,592—a contrast which requires no further comment to underline its significance.

The other features of the report as regards the operations of the life branch are also quite satisfactory. The claims were well within the actuarial experience according to the mortality tables employed in the valuation, and the expenses work out at 14·9 per cent. of the premium revenue, or rather less than the average expenditure of British life offices. The funds, too, are placed in excellent channels of profit, and produce a rate of interest (£4 1s. 5d. last year) well in excess of the 3 per cent. assumed in the valuation of liabilities. In the matter of "bonuses" the Corporation gives a fair return to its participating policy holders, though in this respect it does not come up to the level of some of its most important rivals. The Royal Exchange, however, is a strong office with splendid possibilities, and there is no doubt that its long and honourable career has invested it with a secure reputation which outweighs in the minds of many new insurers the mere consideration of a few shillings one way or the other in the estimate of bonuses to be added in the future.

Looking at the accounts of the Fire department, the Corporation seems to have had a fairly good year. The premiums totalled £344,199, or £36,000 in excess of those received in 1896, but the losses, £189,695, were rather heavy in proportion, the Royal Exchange having no doubt suffered with other first-class offices by the great fires of last November. Adding expenses and commissions to the losses, and deducting the total from the premiums, a surplus of £34,512 is shown, which, although some £8,000 less than that of the preceding year, is, after all, a very much better result of the year's operations than that experienced by a few of the very best fire offices. When referring to the Royal Exchange last year, we commented upon the important step taken by the Corporation in recent years in extending its fire business to the United States of America, and expressed the belief that the fire premium revenue would rapidly increase as a consequence of this development. The last two or three reports certainly give colour to this view, and we shall not be surprised if the Royal Exchange, once having quitted its native shores for business, should follow in the trail of some of the great fire offices, and extend its organisation to those other quarters of the globe in which our emigrant companies have found so much favour and derived so much profit.

Reference has been made more than once in this column to the combination formed by four well-known life assurance companies for the purpose of accepting and sharing large risks in connection with the Workmen's Compensation Act, and the opinion expressed was that colliery and other heavy risks would, almost necessarily, be monopolised by a combination offering the attractions of immense capital and well-established reputation. Following on this important arrangement, however, we hear that a similar coalition of interests is being entered into by four or five of the best known accident offices, and this timely scheme puts quite a different complexion upon affairs. Full particulars are not yet to hand, but it is stated that the Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation, the Railway Passengers', and the Law Accident are to join the combination, and if this is the case the life offices which have entered into the business will certainly not have matters all their own way. On the contrary, we think the better chances of ultimate success would lie with the combined accident offices. For while the collective magnitude of their funds would remove the only bar to their being entrusted with the largest insurances, the special experience gained in years of accident business will be sure to tell in the long run when the claims begin to arrive. Experience, indeed, may prove the actual measure of success in this difficult and complicated business.

FINANCE.

THERE is very little change in the City; and in the midst of the holiday season there is little inclination to engage in new risks. There is still some uncertainty whether the peace negotiations may not be protracted. And, again, there is the apprehension that, although there will be no war or even serious quarrel, there may be such bickering, with regard to China, Persia, and other countries, as may keep public feeling more or less disturbed. In addition to all that, the railway reports which are now coming out have utterly disappointed the Stock Exchange, and, indeed, have tended to check business in all departments. Roughly speaking, upon the eighteen principal lines of the United Kingdom the expenditure for the first half of the present year exceeds that for the first half of last year by about 1¼ millions sterling; partly because of the great rise in wages; partly because of the considerable rise in the prices of material and of coal—the latter because of the South Wales coal strike; and partly because of considerable outlays upon betterments. The final result is that the dividends taken altogether are about £400,000 less than at this time last year. The greatest falling off is in the Great Western, the South Eastern, the South Western, and the London and North Western. It is to be recollected, on the other hand, that the Jubilee celebrations last year gave a great impetus to traffic. And it is further to be borne in mind that the near completion of the Great Central Railway is threatening fierce competition between the lines connecting London with the north, and consequently preparations are being made for that competition. But whatever the explanation may be, the Stock Exchange was quite unprepared for the result, and there is a feeling of general disappointment and annoyance. Moreover, Mr. Hooley's allegations have made a very unfavourable impression upon the Stock Exchange. Whether true or false, it is felt that the public confidence in boards of directors and in company promoters has been gravely shaken, and that it will not be so easy to induce investors in the future to apply for new ventures. In addition to this there is not so much confidence as there was a little while ago that Mr. Rhodes will win in the Cape elections. But all that is a passing question. The really important thing is that the gold industry in the Transvaal is making wonderful progress. It is estimated—though it is rather a sanguine estimate—that the output in the Transvaal this year will nearly approach seventeen millions sterling, so that the Transvaal will be far and away the largest gold producer in the world. If things go on as they are going at present, it is at all events certain that the production will be greatly increased, that the dividends will be

largely augmented, and that many companies which have not paid dividends hitherto will be able to distribute handsome sums amongst their shareholders. Unfortunately, the policy of the Boer Government makes the cost of living in the Transvaal so high that the poorer mines cannot be worked with profit, and therefore shareholders in these poorer mines are subjected to a very serious grievance. As a consequence, there is an unwillingness on the part of the public to have anything to do with South African mining.

Money continues abundant and cheap, and is likely to remain so for a considerable time yet. On the other hand, it is possible that there may be at any moment a sudden change. The City is well provided with funds because the Japanese Government has large sums at its disposal, and is eager to get interest upon them. If for any reason the Japanese Government changed its policy, or if there were to be a very large demand for gold, the whole situation would change. The best opinion appears to be that although there will be a German demand for gold, and in the autumn there will be the usual requirements for Egypt, South America, and other countries, the demand in no case will be very great. With regard, however, to the United States there is very much less confidence. Trade in the United States is good. The military and naval preparations of the Government are very large, while the projected investments for developing Cuba, the Philippines, and so on, involve immense sums. Therefore it is possible that money may at any time become very dear in New York. It is hardly likely to become very dear until September, but in September, when the demand for moving the crops will be at its highest, it is impossible to say whether rates may not rise very high. If they do, then gold may be taken in very large amounts from London. And if gold goes, rates here will certainly rise. But for the present, as already said, the market is very easy, and though trade continues good there is no probability of anything happening at home to make markets otherwise than easy. In India the stringency is now at an end, and though it is exceedingly probable that it will return in November or December, ease will continue until then, as it almost always does during the slack season. What makes the probability greater that there will be extreme stringency again when the active export season sets in is that coin is very scarce all over India—that is to say, in the interior of the country. It is said that the scarcity is such that in some places native deposits are being refused by the bankers, because the depositors lodge notes and take out rupees. As a natural consequence of this the India Council continues successful in the sale of its drafts. It offered for tender on Wednesday 25 lacs, and the applications amounted to 81 lacs. The average price slightly exceeded 1s. 3$\frac{5}{8}$d. per rupee, and a very small sale by private contract was subsequently made at 1s. 3$\frac{11}{16}$d. per rupee.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—The debate in the House of Commons last night, or rather this morning, on the Vaccination Bill will not do the Government any good. The baiting of Mr. Chaplin was no doubt amusing, and the manner in which that worthy gentleman turned to bay afforded great delight to the House. But the Ministerialists, whatever their view might be about the Bill, could not conceal their mortification at the blundering of the Government, nor could they shut their eyes to the fact that it was by Liberal votes that a Ministerial defeat was averted.

But it is not the Vaccination Bill that chiefly troubles people to-day. It is the news about Russia and China. There was a scare in the City yesterday, and to-day there are anxious inquiries on all hands as to the real position of affairs. The most noticeable thing is that nobody professes to have any confidence in Lord Salisbury. The peace-at-any-price men do indeed congratulate themselves on the fact that they need have no fear of war under any circumstances; but they shake their heads sadly over the risks to which British trade interests are being exposed in the Far East. As for the Ministerialists, they foresee another surrender, and are wild with rage. The man who, under pressure from Russia, meekly removed the English warships from Port Arthur, and afterwards had the audacity to deny that he had done so, is not likely to find any difficulty in persuading himself that the declaration which Sir Claude Macdonald has just made at Pekin is one that means nothing and need never be acted upon.

Sensible people are asking why there should be any real difficulty with Russia. The world, Asia, even China, is big enough for us both. Why should the two nations not come to an agreement as to their respective spheres of interest, and make it clear to each other that by this agreement they will both abide? That seems to be the sensible solution of the present difficulty; and it is a solution that would undoubtedly be arrived at if we had at the Foreign Office a man who knew his own mind, and who was known to mean what he said. But Russia is hardly likely to agree to divide the orange when she feels that by continued squeezing she can get the whole of it for herself without any risk of war.

Sunday.—The *Observer*, in reviewing Mr. Tollemache's dull book about Mr. Gladstone, makes some trenchant observations concerning his deliberate and continuous Boswellising of the great statesman without the permission or knowledge of the latter. There is certainly much to be said in favour of the *Observer's* view of Mr. Tollemache's proceedings. As to the authoritative life of Mr. Gladstone, nothing, I believe, has yet been settled. The questions to be decided in connection with the final memoir are numerous and complicated, and it will not be an easy matter to settle them.

Now that we have entered upon the last week of the session the politicians are hurrying out of town. Most of the notabilities who are not holders of office have already gone. To-day even the restless soul of Mr. Labouchere takes flight from Westminster, and we shall have no more mare's nests about imaginary cabals for the formation of a Rosebery-Chamberlain party to amuse us for some time to come. The Telephone Committee still keeps a certain number of M.P.'s in town, and yesterday a mild sensation was provided by the attempt of the chairman of the Committee to discover by whom the unauthorised publication of the draft report had been made. The sinner was not in his place, and each member of the Committee present was able to declare upon his honour that he was not the guilty man.

Monday.—There is another turn of the kaleidoscope this morning, and we are afforded an opportunity of reading an article in a Russian newspaper positively praising Lord Salisbury. I do not think that Lord Salisbury will be very much gratified by this praise; nor will he like the comments of the German Press upon his latest declarations. Rightly or wrongly, both Germany and Russia have come to the conclusion that the British Government, though it may talk, will never act. Herein lies the real danger of the situation.

The death of Mr. Walter Wren will be regretted by many persons. He was an ardent Liberal of a very pronounced type; but he was better known as a "coach" than a politician. To those who were personally acquainted with him, that which seemed to be most remarkable in his career was the courage with which he pursued a very arduous professional life under circumstances that would have crushed any ordinary mortal. Never did any man wage a

braver fight against disease and pain than that which Mr. Wren carried on for so many years. Most persons in his condition would have been helpless dependants upon their friends all their lives. Mr. Wren, hopelessly crippled, racked by constant pain, and suffering from mortal disease, not only built up a great professional business and acquired a considerable fortune but made himself a man of mark both in social and in political circles. In many respects his career was unique.

Tuesday.—The House of Lords capitulated last night after a fight in which the members of the illustrious assembly showed themselves at their worst. They allowed the Vaccination Bill—a poor thing at the best—to pass in its amended form, but they made speeches against it of the most vehement kind, and no fewer than five-and-forty of their lordships voted against their own Government and their own leader. If it had been a Liberal Government that was in office, there is no need to say what the fate of the Bill would have been. It is probable that not a single one of the five hundred Tory peers would have voted for it. As it is, Lord Salisbury was able to put the screw on and get a sufficient number of peers to vote with him to prevent the loss of the Bill. Still, we have fair warning of what we have to expect when the Liberal party is again in office, unless the Liberal leaders have the courage to refuse to take office until they have been armed with powers enabling them to cope with the opposition of the peers.

The consideration of the Estimates was brought to an end last night under Mr. Balfour's guillotine scheme. It is generally admitted that this scheme has worked successfully. Indeed, some Members of Parliament declare that it is the only success the present Government has achieved since it came into existence. Many of the Estimates, it is true, have to pass without discussion, but there is no single class which escapes the attention of the Committee of Supply. Last night a great many divisions were taken, but the Estimates were got through at last and the work of the session practically finished.

The so-called Parnellite members of the Dublin Town Council are hardly to be reckoned among the supporters of Home Rule. If they represented the Irish people, indeed the Home Rule cause would be as dead as Queen Anne. Their curious action with regard to the communication from the Duke of Westminster on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's memorial only proves that they are as conspicuously lacking in political foresight as in their sense of gratitude. Their object is, of course, to destroy the Liberal feeling in favour of Home Rule by insulting the whole body of Liberals. How they hope to profit by the accomplishment of that object neither they nor their leader, Mr. John Redmond, can possibly explain. Fortunately, outside of Dublin they are a discredited and dwindling fraction of the Irish people.

Wednesday.—We are, after all, to have a debate to-day upon Foreign affairs. The uneasiness which is so manifest among Conservatives regarding our relations with Russia in China is felt just as strongly on the Liberal benches, and one or two members who have made a special study of the Far Eastern Question mean to interrogate Mr. Curzon this afternoon. One has only to read the newspapers, whether Liberal or Conservative, in order to see how deep-rooted is the distrust of Lord Salisbury as Foreign Secretary. Yet at the very moment when his own followers are pursuing him with anxious inquiries, not unaccompanied by unpleasant jibes, he himself is calmly departing for the Continent in search of rest and health. Everybody wishes that he may find both. But in the present critical state of our foreign affairs rest is hardly possible to a man who has chosen to assume the double functions of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary. Lord Salisbury has paid no attention to the remonstrances which have been addressed to him both by his friends and his opponents regarding this scandal. He seems absolutely blind and deaf to the opinion of those around him. Yet it is quite clear that the humiliations in which Great Britain has been involved abroad are due to the fact that our Foreign Secretary is an overworked man whose nerves have given way under the strain of his excessive labours, and who is consequently no longer fit, either physically or mentally, to cope with the duties of his great office and the responsibilities which it entails upon him.

The statement I made more than a week ago regarding the probable appointment of Mr. Curzon as Governor-General of India is being widely reiterated, and there seems good reason to suppose that it is not unfounded. If this should prove to be the case, we shall have to see a complete reconstruction of the Foreign Office at a very early date. Heaven knows that such a reconstruction is needed; but the removal of Mr. Curzon from his post at the present critical moment, and when Lord Salisbury is no longer equal to his task, hardly seems to be the best way of beginning the process. As for Mr. Curzon as Viceroy, opinions are divided. He has many brilliant qualities, and it is to be hoped that he would prove, if he went to Calcutta, that he also has some of those more solid virtues that are nowhere more necessary than there.

Thursday.—Fate has dealt Ministers this morning about the heaviest blow they have yet received. We had the debate on the China Question in the House of Commons yesterday afternoon. It produced some good speaking, and the attack upon the Ministerial action was very formidable. Mr. Balfour's reply was no reply at all. It was a mere piece of debating-society dialectics, without substance or reality. To make matters worse, Mr. Balfour had forgotten his dates and his facts, and bungled both in an alarming fashion. Still, the few who still believe that we have a capable Ministry and an able Foreign Secretary left the House consoling themselves with the idea that at last we had taken a firm stand, and that Russia would have to retreat. This morning comes a bombshell from our old friend the Pekin correspondent of the *Times*. Russia has refused to budge in the matter of her demands regarding the Niu-Chwang railway, and China—represented by the Tsung-li-Yamen—has agreed to her conditions! Here is the final proof of the collapse of our influence in China. If Mr. Balfour knew of what had happened, he acted most disingenuously yesterday in his dealings with the House of Commons. But I presume that he *dared* not face the House in the mood in which it was yesterday with this piece of intelligence. As for Lord Salisbury, he has got off to Contrexéville, taking nobody with him to represent the Foreign Office, and he will remain abroad till the storm has blown over. What would have happened if a Ministry containing, say, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery had acted in this fashion at such a crisis? Everybody knows that the whole country would have risen against them, and they would have fallen. But Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Chamberlain, can swagger and threaten and then run away without fearing the consequences. Their followers will abuse them, no doubt; but they will always vote with them. Coercionist newspapers used to sneer in the old days at Mr. Gladstone's supporters as mere "items"—votes to be counted, not men to be reckoned with. The "items" seem to occupy the Tory benches nowadays.

The announcement of Mr. Curzon's appointment to the Indian Viceroyalty is received with general satisfaction. He has many personal friends among his opponents, and people are strongly inclined to believe that he has had no share in the responsibility for the disastrous foreign policy of his chief. Everybody hopes that he and his charming wife will have a brilliant and successful career at Calcutta and Simla. But his going makes the complete

reconstruction of the Foreign Office more necessary than ever. In its present condition it has proved to be wholly incapable of discharging satisfactorily the work entrusted to it. But a reconstruction ought not to be limited to Under-Secretaries and such like. A new Foreign Secretary is imperatively needed.

Friday.—To-day the dreary session of 1898 comes to an end. To say that everybody is thankful to see the end is to understate the truth. It has been, by common consent, the most barren and uninteresting session of recent times. Yet, for one reason, its termination is to be regretted. It ends at the very moment when it seems necessary that Ministers should be in touch with the country and subject to cross-examination in the House. We are manifestly approaching another grave crisis in our history. On all sides there are signs of rising public passion, and mortification is universally felt at the feeble and futile diplomacy which has landed us in the complete surrender that Ministers have made in China. Now that the truth is generally known there is, indeed, every indication of a storm which would shake any ordinary Government. But the present Government has learned to treat Parliament and public opinion with open contempt, and so, at the time when we may be on the verge of a great war, the Foreign Office is left in the hands of a mere amateur like Mr. Balfour. The whole situation is unprecedented.

THE GOVERNMENT AND RUSSIA.

HAS the Government a policy with respect to Russia? and, if so, what is it? These are questions which men of all parties are beginning to ask, and which urgently require an answer. To judge by appearances, we are surely and not slowly drifting into war. The newspapers are full of recriminations against Russia; our position in China is declared to be untenable owing to Russian interference, and the prospect of a rupture is openly contemplated. It will be said that the policy of the country is in the hands of Ministers, and not of the newspapers. But if we look at the utterances of the principal members of the Government, we find little to reassure us. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has used strong language, which alarmed those who did not understand the ways of modern British Ministers. In set terms, he committed the nation to war in a given event. The event has taken place, and there has been no war; but such speeches do not make for peace. Mr. Goschen, abandoning for once that prudent reticence which statesmen usually observe in dealing with foreign affairs, has not only indicated Russia as the enemy but has openly named her in solemn form in the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain has startled the world by an attack upon Russia which is to be regretted as much for its tone as for its substance. Of its substance it need only be said that it is neither good sense nor good diplomacy to announce in one sentence that you have a good *casus belli* against a powerful enemy, and to declare in the next that you know you are powerless to hurt that enemy, and are too wise to try. The tone of the speech was in some respects even more unfortunate than its substance. Even in domestic politics it is not often wise, and it is never elegant, to compare your adversary with the enemy of mankind. In high diplomacy such an allusion is distinctly mischievous. The Devil is a cosmopolitan, and a phrase such as that in which Russia was described is unhappily translateable into the idiom of every country from Finistère to Tokio. Ministers, therefore, have not, as far as outside observers can judge, made war less probable. One happy exception there has been. Mr. Balfour, not long ago, spoke out with singular frankness on the subject of Russia and her aims. He said truly that the expansion of Russia was inevitable; that her arrival in force upon the Pacific was only a question of time; and that it was neither our right nor our business to thwart her. Unfortunately Mr. Balfour has not repeated or extended his statesmanlike declaration; and the danger of war with Russia grows, until some day we may see the empire involved in a life-and death struggle for an object which no man understands, and in pursuance of a quarrel which nine Englishmen out of ten desire to avoid by any means consistent with honour. It is right, therefore, that those who do not desire and do not see the necessity for a war with Russia should speak out while there is yet time.

What are we to fight about? No one quite knows. Apparently we are to go to war on general principles, because Russia is a dishonest, grasping Power, which insists upon enlarging her boundaries without consulting us. Far be it from me to contend that under no circumstances ought we to offer armed resistance to a Power which by its acts imperils our interests. That would be a craven policy, and a disastrous one. Nor is it possible to feel, or necessary to profess, any admiration for Russian methods and institutions. Russian militarism is detestable. Russian diplomacy is perhaps more deliberately dishonest than that of other nations—though that is a matter of opinion. But none of these considerations in itself constitutes a *casus belli*. It is true that Russia is bent upon establishing herself upon the Pacific; and why not? Is it conceivable that a great nation should for ever rest content to be chained up against the Arctic Sea? Mr. Balfour has admitted that Russia is entitled to an ice-free port. But, we are told, she has gone farther, and has fortified and closed Port Arthur, and in so doing has broken her promises. Ministers have said very hard things about this breach of faith; and, oddly enough, among other hard things, have declared that, after all, such action is characteristic of Russia, that she always has broken her promises, and always will. The breaking of promises is not to be defended; but some part of the blame surely lies with those who seek to impose impossible conditions. That Russia, like any other Power, would seek to make her military position secure by the ordinary means was inevitable. Moreover, it may be remarked that the views of nations as to the exact obligation of promises and pledges do not always coincide, and we ourselves, in the matter of Egypt, for instance, have been charged with departing from the strict letter of our engagements, and with giving no better excuse than that circumstances had changed, and that our interests demanded a modification. But if all the hard things that can be said be true, what are we to think of the wisdom which, declaring in one breath that Russia can never be trusted, in the next enunciates a policy the success of which depends entirely upon the validity of Russian promises?

The present situation is not a gratifying one. Mr. Curzon declares that the longer he contemplates the operations of British diplomacy in the East the more he is impressed by their brilliancy and success. I readily admit that, under great difficulties, some successes have been achieved. But it would be an exaggeration to pretend that Mr. Curzon's frame of mind is common to all, or even to many, of the party of which he is such an able member. On the contrary, there can be little doubt that many Englishmen view the present situation with alarm and uneasiness. The prospect of a war with Russia is not in itself attractive. Mr. Chamberlain has perhaps exaggerated our inability to injure her; but, granting that we can inflict immense damage upon Russia, why in the world should we make the attempt? It will be said that Russia is persistently unfriendly, and a rupture therefore is only a question of time. But if Russia be unfriendly, have we ever given her a chance of being anything else? For 150 years we have opposed every step she has taken. Twice we have backed our opposition in

arms. On every other occasion we have used bitter words and threats, but have done nothing. But whether we acted, or whether we only threatened, the end has always been the same, and Russia, either at once, or after a short interval, has done just what she intended to do, and what we declared she should not do. We are once more apparently courting a similar rebuff. Is there any reason to expect a more favourable issue than on previous occasions? The Russians would, indeed, be hardly human if they did not regard us as enemies, considering the enormous pains we have taken to explain to them that they are right in so regarding us. What is it that we fear? Do we fear that Russia will destroy our trade? As a matter of fact, almost every extension of Russian territory has meant a development of British commerce. Few persons realise the magnitude of our trade with Russia. Last year it exceeded the whole of our trade with Canada by nine millions; it was only five millions less than our trade with Australia; it was equal to three-fifths of our Indian trade; and was nearly four times the value of our trade with China, including Hong Kong. Nor ought our dealings with Russia to diminish. A population, of which 90 per cent. is practically illiterate, which has no commercial class, and scarcely any industrial organisation, must for years to come have its business done by someone. Hitherto we have done a large share; why should not we do more?

Another point is important. Russia is a real danger not only to us but to every country because her dominant class is purely military. But it is certain that if the Czar succeeds in developing Northern Asia there will grow up in Russia a commercial and trading class which will be anti-military and opposed to war.

Perhaps we have already gone too far, and all chance of a reconciliation may have been destroyed. It may be that the military party has now got the upper hand, and is determined to force a war. In that case, of course, we must fight. On the other hand, it may not be too late. There may yet be a disposition on the part of the rulers of the two nations to look round them, and see if there be anything really worth fighting about; whether they cannot encourage a plan of action which will give scope to the activities of both peoples, and whether they cannot agree to some definition of their respective spheres which will remove the danger of perpetual conflicts.

Germany is undoubtedly our rival. France, unhappily, seems determined to be our enemy. But Russia cannot be our rival, and need not be our enemy. It may be that the experiment of meeting Russia as a friend will not succeed, but it has never been tried, and is worth trying. If the Government desires to make the experiment, I believe it will receive the hearty support of the country. If it succeeds it will achieve a triumph; if it fail, it will have a united people at its back to support it against what will then be an unprovoked and unjustifiable attack.

H. O. Arnold-Forster.

THE NEW FOOD.

WILL the invention of artificial albumen be added to the sad annals of hope deferred? About this time of year the sea-serpent lifts his legendary head, and some German professor announces a discovery which is to revolutionise medicine or cookery. There is no reason why the monstrous citizen of the deep should not come to the surface for a brief holiday and the bewilderment of man; but somehow the apparition, and the curious derangement of testimony which follows it, coincide with a prodigious stir in a German laboratory and the subsequent disappointment of mankind. We look into the daily paper and find that the sea-serpent, or "some strange brown object" of the same kindred, has attacked a policeman who was bathing and stolen a valuable ring which adorned the majesty of the law on one of his fingers. In the next column we read an interview with a British savant, who laughs Professor Lilienfeld's artificial albumen to scorn. "Depend upon it," he says in effect, "this precious discovery will never be heard of again. Professors are always making wonderful things in their laboratories, and then shelving them as much too expensive for human nature's daily food. This albumen is made of phenol and acetic acid. Where are you going to get your phenol? How much do you suppose your acetic acid will cost? Pooh! it is like adding up millions sterling on a slate!" This is what turns a trusting mind to the gall of scepticism. The sea-serpent or its cousin has gone off with the constable's ring, and the British savant has destroyed our belief in the albuminous banquet for fourpence! Will Sir Thomas Lipton go on with his cheap restaurant scheme now? The attentive reader of the newspapers cannot have failed to notice that the publication of Professor Lilienfeld's invention was followed in a few days by the announcement that Sir Thomas Lipton proposed to save the digestion of the industrial classes. Is it not plain that, having pondered this great idea for years without grasping its commercial possibility, Sir Thomas had a sudden illumination when he read the news from Vienna? Why not reorganise the working man's inside, now the prey of the housewife who cannot cook, by giving him animal food that never was in sea or on land—the lamb that never frisked by its mother's side, the fish that never swam, the fowl that never clucked in the barnyard? "The Lord has delivered them into our hands!" said Cromwell when he saw the Scots descending the hill at Dunbar. "I have them!" said Wellington at Salamanca. "Pepton!" said Sir Thomas Lipton when he read that telegram from the Vienna correspondent of the *Chronicle*. What does he say now?

It is the terrible privilege of science to raise these hopes and then dash them to the earth. We will not suggest that Professor Lilienfeld is responsible for the death of the new giraffe at the "Zoo," though it is a singular fact that the interesting creature, from whom so much was expected by zoologists and children, has just died of indigestion. We are not conversant with the diet of giraffes, and cannot affirm that the lamented specimen had any reason to count upon the addition of artificial albumen to what the boarding-house advertiser calls a "liberal table." But given a giraffe with imagination, curiosity, and the pangs of indigestion, you can conceive that he would take a lively interest in pepton, that he would come to crave for it, and that on learning from his keeper that the cost of phenol and acetic acid was prohibitive, he would lay him down and die. This is not a pleasant thought for a Fellow of the Zoological Society as he takes his way among the animals in Regent's Park on Sunday afternoon; but we do not see why he should be spared his share of the social depression. We are all sunk in gloom, scientific pioneers, epicures, the industrial classes, and vegetarians. Imagine the feelings of a vegetarian when he finds that the price of phenol stands betwixt his unbending principles and the joy of animal food that is not animal. If acetic (not ascetic) acid were not so expensive, he might revel in the beef steak that never grew on ox! He would watch the moral sequel of Sir Thomas Lipton's scheme—the influence on the British artisan of a diet which did not inflame him with the blood of slaughtered beasts, though it had a pleasant flavour of the actual fleshpots. He would see the old Adam led back to the vegetarian paradise by a seductive stratagem. Then labour disputes would become infrequent, strikes would cease, and the horny-handed son of toil would not hunger for the vitals of the capitalist. This poetry cannot be translated into the facts of life, because phenol is dear! The maiden in the ballad refuses to

bind her hair while Lubin is away. What pride can the vegetarian's daughter take in her toilette while the price of phenol refuses to come down? It is true that Professor Lilienfeld's friends aver that this difficulty is temporary. Phenol and its companions in the redemption of man are waste products, the mere leavings of coal tar and ammonia; they must drop in the market before long. That promise might buoy up the most sanguine temperament amongst us but for the crushing suggestion that the artificial albumen, even when it is cheap, may not be nourishing.

There is a legend of some burrower in the earth who found his way deep down to a new world where the inhabitants were precariously fed upon some artificial compound which had one superlative defect—it failed to keep body and soul together. Is this the curse of pepton? Does Nature play this trick on the too inquisitive science which penetrates the secrets of her laboratory? Does she say, "Rash mortal, not content with flocks and herds, the fish in the sea, the fowls of the air, which I have provided for the sustenance of man, you would seek to rival my magic, to make another food with my ingredients, to boast that you have surpassed my skill and supplanted my work! Good; have your way; make your precious albumen; trumpet the invention on all the winds that blow; and then listen to the mocking laughter of the universe! For your marvel of research, your pepton, will not put a flicker of life into any mortal frame! You have only the semblance of my talisman; the vital principle is lacking"? This is much more depressing than the dearness of phenol; but even this is not all. What is the flavour of Professor Lilienfeld's dish which is cooked by synthesis? (Fancy advertising for a cook in this style: "Wanted. A good Plain Cook. Must be synthetic and a member of the Church of England"!) One witness, who has tasted it says it reminded him of raw egg. He was evidently relieved to find it was no worse; but who wants to go to a City dinner to taste raw egg? Even in Sir Thomas Lipton's fourpenny restaurants some deference must be shown to the palate. The artisan will not cease to imagine vain things about the capitalist if his peptonised meals have an ancient and an egg-like savour. It really looks as if this attempt to oust the handiwork of Nature would not bring much custom to the presumptuous laboratory. The old caterer for the world has the best of it; and the average man who casts his eye upon the grouse at the poulterer's and the salmon at the fishmonger's will feel that there is some consolation after all for the shortcomings of artificial albumen.

AUGUST.

IN the early morning we were awakened by the sound of duck-shooting, for here, not very far away from the enchanted land of Pendennis's boyhood, though divided from Chatteris by a whole county, a gay little winding river goes brawling across the garden grounds. Through the wide-open windows came in the dewy fragrance of the day's first hours. The lime-tree opposite has been heavily laden with blossom, now ripening into clustering wealth of seed, and, though the white June lilies in its neighbourhood have already faded and been plucked by the gardener, the great row of arbor-vitæ distils more and more of spicy scent as the sun gains in power. It is the time when fruit and flowers are at once sumptuous and delicate. That cup of tea, mellowed by country cream, to which George Eliot has given classic associations, here, at the early breakfast, mingled its "bouquêt" with the perfume of peaches, roses, carnations, stephanotis—a banquet worthy of Keats himself. As the day deepens towards noon the world is bathed in silence, except for the humming of the bees, the subdued twittering of birds, and now and then the rapid whirring swish of a swallow's wings. Noiselessly the water-wagtails pick their dainty way across the lawn, while through the softly sailing, pearly clouds the warm blueness of the sky looks down; and even the cool sound of the mill-wheels is hushed. Yes, there is a water-mill hard by, where, in the pools above the dam, the water-lilies bloom and the eels grow fat; and there is the edge of a great forest, with its purpling heather and noble trees, not far away; while on the other side lies a village that gives its name to a wicked old earl who plays a delightful part in one of Thackeray's novels, and a little ancient, straggling town, where it would seem natural to walk straight into another of his stories, for, although it is certainly not Clavering St. Mary's, yet one would not feel greatly surprised to meet Mrs. Pendennis and Laura crossing the bridge, or even Pen himself. One old labourer there, eager to beat the neighbouring hamlet on its own ground, has earned lifelong renown by boasting that in *his* town the inhabitants "only get up every other day." And indeed this strikes a passing visitor as a land of rest, where the straight corn grows golden in the sun, and the great elms make a shadow from the heat, and the white-bosomed birds are ever circling in wide-sweeping curves between the sky and river. The young Scotch firs grow up rich in colour and sturdy in their vigour, unscathed as yet by the lightning. The first cornfields are reaped by hand in leisurely fashion, and a wise miller showed us how, before it was gathered in, the root had already died in the ground that the grain might come to perfection. The plovers hover above the turnip-fields, doing good work there, and though the farmer may sigh at the splendour of some vagrant thistle five feet high in the lanes, or at the yellow ragwort and scarlet poppies that here and there make of the fields a golden glory, yet even he may rejoice in the lavish sweetness of the clover meadows. By the wayside the dainty pink bindweed scatters its fairy scent; over the hedges of maple the white convolvulus is blossoming among its heart-shaped leaves; the nuts are ripening in the hazels; wild hop and bryony add to the summer tangle in the lanes, where the honeysuckle and bramble are still blooming.

Inevitably a rending pang steals through the *dolce far niente* of the pilgrim who rests in this "arbour" by the way, of which the good Bunyan could have written so quaintly, as he thinks of the weary slaves in the great far-off cities, who, tied to the wheel of Tantalus by poverty and duty, find in these long sultry days a life of grinding, hungry monotony. Yet it is a trite and obvious commonplace that sorrow and temptation are not imprisoned within the walls of towns, but may be met with also in many a dewy meadow and enchanting woodland in the open country; and only yesterday came the story of two tragic, self-inflicted deaths that had lately darkened the records of a neighbouring village, within a mile or two of this peaceful sunny garden. A classic who has enriched English literature with village idylls as convincing and perfect as those jewels of France, "La Petite Fadette" and the two companion stories of French peasant life, has described a summer afternoon in a great avenue of limes and beeches: "It was a still afternoon; the golden light was lingering languidly among the upper boughs, only glancing down here and there on the purple pathway and its edge of faintly-sprinkled moss: an afternoon in which destiny disguises her cold, awful face behind a hazy radiant veil, incloses us in warm downy wings, and poisons us with violet-scented breath."

Time and place, which seem so omnipotent and play so ironically with what looks like fate, are sometimes but the curtain and groundwork of the drama of life. Everywhere, through loss and ruin and parting, joy and courage may hold the field. Everywhere death and grief are at hand, opening doors into new worlds, melting hardness into

tenderness, bracing gentle weakness into new tenacity and daring and strength, blessing unselfish goodness with a more divine fellowship of suffering.

One of the greatest of living Englishmen, one who has by his glorious pictures taught the world that splendour and loveliness of form and colour are symbols in the poetry of the divine Poet, not very long ago, when giving comfort and inspiration to a friend cast down amid drudging disappointments and failures, spoke of this outward universe, with all its wealth of blossom and fragrance, as counting for nothing in comparison with the love and the sympathy which alone make life worth having.

In that book of "The Excursion," which is too often forgotten, Wordsworth has given utterance to this secret of existence in words which, so long as the language endures, must live by their final and inevitable truth. Life is not peach-bloom and roses: Wordsworth is right:—

> Life, I repeat, is energy of love
> Divine or human; exercised in pain,
> In strife, and tribulation; and ordained,
> If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
> Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy.

A. M.

FROM IPSWICH TO THE SEA.

THE river scenery of England is not the least of our country's beauties, though it may be questioned if it is appreciated at its full worth. It may not be grand; but in most cases it has a sweet pastoral charm, resulting from the blending of mead and wood and water in the prospect, that is hard to match, and still harder to surpass. What the Dart is to the tourist in the west, and Southampton Water to visitors to our southern coast, all that the Orwell is to those who live in its neighbourhood, or go thither in search of health, recreation, or rest. And it is a historic river. Up this waterway sailed the Northmen when, nine centuries ago, they descended on the east coast, and sacked Ipswich. Then they went into Essex, and sailed up the Blackwater to Maldon, which, owing to the stout resistance of the East Saxons, escaped the fate that overtook the chief town of the South Folk. And, though the fact can add nothing to the beauty of the scene, it is interesting to know that "good Queen Bess" twice visited Ipswich, and "sailed down the Orwell in great state attended by the corporation," landing at Harwich, which her Majesty was pleased to characterise as a "pretty town."

Like all tidal rivers, the Orwell, which is really the estuary of the Gipping, shows to best advantage at high water, for then the mud flats are covered, and the lap of its wavelets comes right up to the tree-fringed shores. The course for the first few miles lies between high wooded ground on both sides. A little distance down on the left bank is Gainsborough's Lane—a narrow roadway leading down to the river, and bordered with fine old trees, which must have been still finer when the artist made it the subject of a picture. In the spring and early summer the slopes from this lane down to the water's edge are a blaze of gorse bloom; and still later in the year some yellow blossoms may be seen; for, if one may trust to rustic proverbs, the gorse only ceases to flower when kissing is out of season. Even when its golden flowers are few, its lasting verdure is grateful, for it clothes the banks with a mantle of living green. Hard by is a spot where, it is said, the painter often sat to sketch, on account of the beauty of the landscape, its extensiveness and richness in variety, both in the fore- and backgrounds. Almost close to the river's marge is the Priory Farm, interesting as having been built from the materials of a ruined religious house, and known by name to hundreds who have never seen it as the place where Margaret Catchpole lived as a servant. Opposite, Wherstead Park rises in pleasant uplands from the banks, and on the highest spot stands the church, the tower of which serves as a landmark for the navigation of the river. Lower down is Freston Tower, an early Tudor structure, said to have been built by a Latimer, cousin of the Reformer; its warm red bricks contrasting well with the dark foliage of the trees in which it is embosomed. Beyond this is the well-wooded park of Woolverstone Hall. Some former owner, desirous of river views, cut avenues in the timber in all directions. These serve a double purpose, for, in addition to giving from almost every window glimpses of charming bits of river scenery, they afford those who pass up and down a series of views of the Hall, almost kaleidoscopic in effect, so great are the changes owing to the varied character of the woodland, and from different parts of the house meeting the eye in succession. Orwell Park, with a herd of fallow deer and a heronry, and Broke Hall, approached by a fine avenue of old limes, are passed. Then, by degrees, the left bank sinks, the river broadens, and the high ground of Shotley rises on the right, crowned by the village and the towerless church.

As the boat passes the Spit the view is exceedingly charming. Harwich lies in front, reminding one of some quaint old Dutch town; to the right runs the Stour, gleaming like silver in the sun, and away up that river may be seen the long black hulls and yellow funnels of the steamboats that ply between Parkeston Quay and the Continent. In the foreground are the guardship, two or three rakish-looking gunboats, and a torpedo-boat, while the white sails of a score of yachts give the scene somewhat of the air of a regatta. Beyond the town of Harwich two lighthouses, now disused, stand on the esplanade, and from the deck of a steamer one may watch the coast trend southward to Dovercourt, and right away, past Horsey Island, to the Naze. In front the German Ocean comes into view, calm and peaceful, as though its surface were never lashed into fury by the fierce north-easter—Kingsley's "wind of God." To the left the Suffolk coast gradually diminishes in height till it is almost lost in the sea, and at the point stands Landguard Fort, which dates from Jacobean times, though much modernised and greatly strengthened in recent years. Round the point and on the eastern side of this spit is Felixstowe, some of the houses of which may be seen on the high ground which slopes away on each side—to the German Ocean on the east and to the estuary on the west.

With a falling tide, or even at low water, the passage to the sea is not without its attractions—especially to the lover of birds, for as the tide recedes, and the mudflats are by degrees exposed, they make for their feeding-grounds. Towards the end of the summer, when the black-headed gulls are leaving their breeding-places, numbers of them make their home on the river, and are quite fearless, taking little notice of passing yachts and boats, and paying small heed to the beating of the paddles of the steamboats. With these are always to be seen plenty of rooks, who emulate the gulls in snapping up unconsidered trifles in the way of offal. And then there are generally a few crows, chiefly Royston. Occasionally a carrion crow may be noticed; but the dun-crow, the "Danish man," is *the* crow of these parts. One would like to know if the crows have taught the rooks bad habits, or whether these have been developed independently by the rooks. Certain it is that in many parts of the country they have of late years evinced a taste for eggs and young birds, such as was formerly thought to be entirely foreign to their nature. The heronry at Orwell Park contributes its quota to the bird life of the river. Morning and evening are the feeding times of the herons, and fish forms their chief diet, though young birds, rats, mice, and even frogs are taken as much from choice as necessity. According to Mr. Gurney, the taste for fur and feather is acquired when the young have learnt to shift for themselves. While in the nest they are

always fed upon fish, to procure which the old ones must visit the river, and their outward and homeward flight gives considerable animation to the scene. Later in the summer, when the young require no further care, the herons may be seen at low tide standing motionless in the shallow water, watching intently, often with head drawn back ready to strike. As summer merges into autumn, and migrant breeders depart southward, the gaps thus made in the bird life of the river are filled by the arrival from the north of species that winter with us or make our shores a temporary resting-place on their passage to warmer climes. Hence on the Orwell and its banks, and on the marshes near its mouth, the bird-lover at all seasons of the year may find employment for his field-glass, from which much more pleasure and profit is to be obtained—at any rate, by the average man—than from the use of a gun.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE WAR.

IV.—The Cuban Legation at Washington. (May 10th.)

IT was in the office of the Adjutant-General at Washington that I heard my name most unexpectedly called in Spanish, and, turning, found myself in the arms of my effervescent friend and enthusiastic champion of Cuban liberty, Ricardo Diaz Albertini. We exchanged greetings after a separation of fifteen years, and thus I learned that he had become no less important a person than the Secretary of the Cuban Legation in Washington, a fact which was duly published upon his visiting-card. Nothing would do but I must at once go to his diplomatic headquarters and be there presented to his fellow-patriots. "There you shall see that Cuba, too, can furnish her Benjamin Franklins and her George Washingtons." Ricardo would make the most hopeless cause successful from the mere contagion of his irrepressible good spirits. As his people are the bravest on earth, and his women the most beautiful, so is his cause the most lofty, and his chief the most masterly of leaders!

"Where is your Legation?" I asked. He named the Raleigh Hotel. Being somewhat of a stranger in Washington, I sprang to the conclusion that his Government, with characteristic generosity, had furnished a building to its representative and named it after the great enemy of Spanish dominion. My guess was not quite successful. Arrived at the hotel, Ricardo took me to the lift, and, after whizzing skywards for awhile, landed me in a labyrinth of corridors. At No. 40 we stopped, and when the summons to enter had sounded, I found myself in a small bedroom furnished after the manner of American hotel bedrooms generally. I was at first inclined to think that this was an anteroom to a sweep of apartments beyond, but this view was dissipated by Señor Albertini himself, who said, "And now let me present you to Señor Gonzalo de Quesada."

At this there rose to greet me one of the most remarkable men it has ever been my fortune to meet. I saw at first nothing but a pair of flashing eyes, rimmed by a vast mane of waving black hair. Long and eccentric strips of moustache flew out from beneath his sensitive nostrils, and waved like semaphores when he spoke. A young man he appeared to me, perhaps thirty. He was faultlessly dressed, and carried himself with the air of a man conscious of being in any assemblage notable for his personal appearance, at once distinguished and interesting. Señor Quesada is a handsome man, with pure olive complexion, aquiline nose, and the voice of a practised orator. He lent dignity to an otherwise commonplace abode. There was a folding bed in the room, also a washstand, a wardrobe, a table which Señor Quesada used as his official desk. I did not notice anything more, excepting a pine box containing pamphlets and documents. In after years this box may be treasured as the Record Office of the first Cuban Legation.

It seemed but yesterday that I was under the personal spell of that noble savage, Paul Krüger, listening to his explosive grunts as he railed against British perfidy and exhorted his apostles to die for their alleged liberty. In Washington I was offered a contrast marking the difference between two races of man. Here are no Paul Krügers of the Bible and rifle order of pioneers, but the last product of super-refined cosmopolitanism. The Cuban Ambassador and his Secretary are men of the University, of the law court, and the café. They are soaked in theoretical conceptions of constitutional liberty borrowed from a people to whom Cubans bear little resemblance. God moves indeed in a mysterious way His wonders to perform when struggles for liberty are championed at one and the same time by two men so antithetical as Oom Paul of the Boers and Gonzalo de Quesada of Havana.

A more fluent, eloquent, and entertaining speaker than the Cuban Ambassador I have rarely heard. When he expatiated on the courage of his leaders, and the glorious future awaiting the new Latin Republic, his fragile frame quivered with the intensity of his emotion, his gestures became impassioned, his eyes dilated with tragic fire, and the audience must have been indeed cold if it did not surrender itself to the immediate impulse of enlisting in the Cuban army. I hope the good friends whom I have left in Madrid will forgive me the apparent desertion of their Queen's cause—a Queen whom I love because she hates to see horses ripped open for pleasure. But even this Queen would pardon anyone for being carried away by the torrent of eloquence which poured resistlessly from this Cuban Castelar, this Gladstone of the Antilles. Señor Quesada invited me to meet some of his friends, and I accepted with delight; for if there is one thing I revel in more than another it is a gathering of patriots where a flavour of conspiracy and a dash of mystery seasons the entertainment. I was carried back to a happy feast in Warsaw when fifteen patriots gathered together in a secluded room to curse the Muscovite tyrant, to drink to the memory of Kosciusko and the resurrection of Poland. At that time an invasion from the German side was daily anticipated, and no toast was more popular amongst the brave people of that unfortunate nation than that of William II., German Emperor and "liberator of Poland." Our dinner in Washington lacked one element which made that in Warsaw rather interesting. I did not have occasion to anticipate the interference of the political police. But still we did not care to have spies upon us—I mean those in the pay of the Spanish Government—so we cultivated a modest retirement. An electric tram carried us spinning and bobbing along Pennsylvania Avenue, past the Treasury, the White House, the Foreign Office, War and Navy Departments, to a point half a mile beyond the Metropolitan Club. We walked into a rather unpretentious dwelling house, and the Ambassador led the way into a back room where a table was set for a dozen. The room was poorly furnished, and I recall only one picture, that of Sadi Carnot, the murdered French President. There was also a photograph of a negro, who was no doubt some Haytian Minister who had once patronised the place. The host was a short and corpulent Frenchman, famed for his coffee and omelettes. Cuban liberty for the moment was dropped, and we all talked French in regard to the bill-of-fare. There were some monstrous bull-frogs alive in the room, blinking at us from a tank of water. These he offered to sacrifice, but I spared their lives. Snails he had not, so we compromised on things less strange but equally nutritious. The Secretary, my good friend Albertini, had stopped on the way to purchase a few bottles of excellent California wine, and soon we were in the

midst of a banquet worthy of the cause. We made the French host proclaim horror of Spanish tyranny, and even the black girl who waited upon us was enrolled in the army of Cuban sympathisers. We had a goodly medley of nations at the table with four languages. All spoke at once, and the propositions maintained appeared to me as various as the number of those who spoke. One point, however, appeared to meet with universal favour, namely, that Latin civilisation had had its day, and that Cuba could become strong only by linking itself closely with the Anglo-Saxon blood of the Yankee Republic. I was at first inclined to regard this merely as evidence of a polite desire to flatter the guest; but they became so heated on the subject, and fortified their opinions with so much reason, that I felt convinced that they spoke with sincerity.

Señor Quesada made that evening an eloquent address on the wrongs of Cuba, the wickedness of Spain, the heroism of his people, and the glorious future before them when they should move forward hand in hand with the Anglo-Saxon Republic. There was magnificent rhetoric in the speech of my honoured friend. If it had any fault, it was that from my rather practical point of view it lacked a substratum of accepted facts. He easily convinced us all that Spain provided Cuba with an uncommonly bad government, and he made us also feel that in sweeping the officials of "her most Catholic Majesty" from off this beautiful island Uncle Sam would be doing a highly philanthropic piece of work. He also promised vast mercantile advantages to the invading Republic, but on this point his figures were less convincing. But was it not well worth a long journey to be in the midst of this gathering of single-minded patriots mapping out the future of a great empire and the joint military operations of vast armies, while their national treasury might be embarrassed if suddenly called upon to pay for a few weeks' rent in advance at the Raleigh Hotel? It seems comical to us, but to them it is dreadfully real.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

IN THE ISLE OF DOGS.

WHILE the water-wagon's ringing showers
  Sweetened the dust with a woodland smell,
"Past noon, past noon, two sultry hours,"
  Drowsily fell
From the schoolhouse clock
In the Isle of Dogs by Millwall Dock.

Mirrored in shadowy windows draped
  With ragged net or half-drawn blind,
Bowsprits, masts, exactly shaped
  To woo or fight the wind,
Like monitors of guilt
  By strength and beauty sent,
Disgraced the shameful houses built
  To furnish rent.

From the pavements and the roofs
  In shimmering volumes wound
The wrinkled heat;
Distant hammers, wheels, and hoofs,
  A turbulent pulse of sound
Southward obscurely beat,
  The only utterance of the afternoon,
Till on a sudden in the silent street
  An organ-man drew up and ground
The Old Hundredth tune.

Forthwith the pillar of cloud that hides the past
  Burst into flame,
Whose alchemy transmuted house and mast,
  Street, dockyard, pier, and pile;
By magic sound the Isle of Dogs became
  A northern isle—
A green isle like a beryl set
  In a wine-coloured sea,
Shadowed by mountains where a river met
  The ocean's arm extended royally.

Here also in the evening on the shore
  An old man ground the Old Hundredth tune,
An old enchanter steeped in human lore,
  Sad-eyed, with whitening beard and visage lank;
Not since, and not before,
  Under the sunset or the mellowing moon
Has any hand of man's conveyed
  Such meaning in the turning of a crank.

Sometimes he played
  As if his box had been
An organ in an abbey richly lit;
  For when the dark invaded day's demesne,
And the sun set in crimson and in gold,
  When idlers swarmed upon the esplanade,
And a late steamer wheeling towards the quay
  Struck founts of silver from the swarthy sea,
The solemn tune arose and shook and rolled
  Above the throng,
Above the hum and tramp, and bravely knit
  All hearts in common memories of song.

Sometimes he played at speed;
  Then the Old Hundredth, like a devil's mass,
Instinct with evil thought and evil deed,
  Rang out in anguish and remorse. Alas!
That men must know both Heaven and Hell!
  Sometimes the melody
Sang with the murmuring surge;
And with the winds would tell
Of peaceful graves and of the passing bell.
  Sometimes it pealed across the bay,
A high, triumphant dirge,
A dirge
  For the departing, undefeated day.

A noble tune! a high becoming mate
  Of the capped mountains and the deep broad firth;
A simple tune and great,
  The fittest utterance of the heart of earth!

JOHN DAVIDSON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

WAR FOR A NIGHTMARE.

SIR,—Mr. H. W. Wilson, in the July number of the *National Review*, gives us what he thinks the truth about the *Maine* disaster, admitting at the same time that he is not an expert. He undertakes to say that the explosion could not possibly have been an accident caused by ignition in the coal-bunkers, in one of which there were forty tons of soft Pocahontas coal. He is unaware that this very thing has since happened in another American man-of-war, the *St. Paul*, where the fire was on the point of communicating itself to the magazine, and the ship was saved only by great exertions.

Nobody wants to impeach the integrity of the American Board of Inquiry. But as it consisted exclusively of American naval officers, and the divers employed by it were American seamen, while no witness on the other side was examined, we cannot accept its verdict as impartial. However, the Board of Inquiry did not pretend, nor does Mr. Wilson pretend, that guilt or even negligence has in any way been brought home to the Spanish authorities. Yet Mr. Wilson is perfectly right in saying that it was "the conviction generally prevalent in the United States that the *Maine* had been destroyed by an act of Spanish treachery which led to the war with Spain." The Spanish Government tendered its full submission to an impartial inquiry. No notice was taken of this offer, and under the influence of a belief unsupported by a particle of proof, and propagated by unscrupulous politicians and journalists for their own purposes, the two countries were plunged into war.—Yours faithfully,

ONE WHO WAS IN THE UNITED STATES AT THE TIME.

PARLIAMENT AND THE CHURCH.

SIR,—There is one point in the lengthy letter of your correspondent "A. W." to which I ask the liberty to reply. He asserts that spiritual questions are not, and cannot be, discussed in the House of Commons, which, he states, can deal only with the machinery

or organisation of the Church. That is a surprising statement in view of the fact that the Prayer-Book—the contents of which are as spiritual as those of the Bible itself—is part of an Act of Parliament, and can therefore be dealt with by Parliament page by page and line by line. The Act of Uniformity, as well as other statutes I could name, relates not to organisation but to worship.

It is not, however, necessary to appeal to the Statute Book to controvert "A. W.'s" view; for the recent debates on the Benefices Bill show that Parliament has, and means to assert, the right to deal with religious as distinguished from merely ecclesiastical matters. It is, of course, an anomaly that such matters should be the subject of debate in an assembly constituted as the House of Commons is; but that is one of the necessary consequences of an Establishment. And they are simply dreamers who imagine that the State will relax its grasp on the Church until the Church submits to the loss of its political privileges and of State-endowments.—Your obedient servant,

J. C. W.

London, August 10th.

INDUSTRIALISM AND MILITARISM.

Sir,—In dealing with my article on "Free Trade and Foreign Policy" in the *Contemporary Review*, you charge me with "generalising the meaning" of the term Free Trade "too far," inasmuch as "unrestricted international exchange of commodities is the same thing economically whether obtained by persuasion or by force." This obvious truth I did not dispute. I merely claimed to show that a policy of force did not, in fact, promote Free Trade; that in the economic estimate of such a policy the cost of armaments and wars should be taken into full account; and, finally, that Free Trade is not a merely "economic" policy but the chief means of promoting peaceful international relations by substituting industrialism for militarism.—Yours faithfully,

J. A. Hobson.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

A Note on "Lyrical Ballads."

SOME time ago, in a short paper contributed to these pages and afterwards reprinted, I allowed myself to utter some words about Coleridge which now strike me as abominably foolish. The offence (you may urge) did not matter a farthing to anyone; it has been forgotten by everyone but its author; so why not follow the advice given on a famous occasion by My Uncle Toby—wipe it up and say no more about it? Because I wish to set myself right with my own growing veneration for Coleridge as a man (and not merely as a poet; for many of us who think too little of Coleridge as a man have worshipped unfaltering at the shrine of his poetry); and further, because I do not wish the future researcher among these pages to set their errors down to complacent and desperate foolishness.

In an easy comparison between the careers of Coleridge and Scott, I said (truly enough) that it would be difficult to read too much about Scott. But who, I went on to ask, could endure to read the life of Coleridge, in six volumes?—

> Coleridge is an ill man to read about, just as certainly as Scott is a good man to read about; and the secret is just that Scott had character and Coleridge had none. In writing of the man of the "graspless hand," the biographer's own hand in time grows graspless on the pen; and in reading of him our hands, too, grow graspless on the page. We pursue the man and come upon group after group of his friends; and each, as we demand, "What have you done with Coleridge?" answers, "He was here just now, and we helped him forward a little way."

This, with all respect to the cock-sure young man who wrote it, rests on a fallacy, and a slightly Philistine one. It rests in part, no doubt, on youth's natural liking for something definite and tangible, even in morality. Men's actions are so much easier to judge than their natures. What A. does is so much simpler than what A. is; and the young moralist desires to get at his results expeditiously, being as a rule in a tremendous hurry about the universe and human affairs. And judged summarily by what he did rather than what he was, Coleridge's career was certainly not exemplary.

But the judgment set forth above is partly also a Philistine view (Philistinism being, as I take it, a kind of mental snobbery), for it follows purely conventional lines of perspective. Conventional morality declares that a man who drinks is worse than a man who by small savageries makes his home a hell upon earth; conventional morality declares that the man who keeps within the law, yet never lifts a hand to help his neighbour, is better than the transgressor whose life on the whole has been kindly and a diffusing centre of goodwill; it prefers the man who walks a level path to the man who falls because he has spiritual wings to lift him above the level of his fellows—but not to sustain him. It has little to say for Coleridge, who took opium, failed to match his practice with his aspirations, and was a nuisance to his friends.

Now Wordsworth, as everyone will allow, was a good man, one of those few who reach great spiritual heights, and yet do not fail in conduct; who exhibit no glaring gap between their aspirations and their practice. On the whole, I daresay he was a better man than Coleridge. But I think it no extravagant contention that on certain points of conduct, which happen to be important points in the business of helping your fellow-men's happiness, Wordsworth stood as conspicuously second to Coleridge as he stood conspicuously ahead of him in others. Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, who has just put forth a centenary edition of the "Lyrical Ballads" (Duckworth & Co.), calls attention to a "curiously frank" note which Wordsworth inserted in the second edition, published in 1800. There was (one would imagine) no very good reason why Wordsworth should insert any criticism at all upon his friend's poetical contribution to the volume, unless with intent to explain how that contribution was designed to further their common purpose. There was certainly every reason why he should have refrained from "crabbing" it. Yet this is just what he did. He admitted, to be sure, the charm of the imagery of the "Ancyent Marinere," and the beauty of its versification; but he was careful to warn the public of four "great defects" in it:—

> First, that the principal person has no distinct character, either in his profession as mariner or as a human being who, having been long under control of supernatural impressions, might be supposed himself to partake of something supernatural; secondly, that he does not act, but is continually acted upon; thirdly, that the events, having no necessary connection, do not produce each other; and, lastly, that the imagery is somewhat too laboriously accumulated.

On the qualities of head displayed in the above there is only one word to be said: it is simply thick-witted, and we may take account only of its qualities of heart. "Let us confess at once," says Mr. Hutchinson, "that this deplorable criticism serves but to indicate the moral and artistic limitations of the critic. Wordsworth, serenely self-involved, shows towards the susceptibilities of his partner an indifference which shocks and repels us." The fact is, the experiment of the "Lyrical Ballads" had up to that time (1800) been apparently a failure. How could this failure be explained? Clearly "The Idiot Boy" and his kindred could not be responsible, "for I, even I, the impeccable W. W., penned those effusions." No, the cause of failure must rest somehow with S. T. C. and his "Ancyent Marinere." "True, the critics had attacked 'The Thorn' as well; but their objections to 'The Thorn' were idle and easily met, whereas the strictures on 'The Ancyent Marinere' had some grounds and relevance and could not be disposed of so readily." So Wordsworth furnished the second edition of "Lyrical Ballads" with two notes. In one he stoutly told the critics that with respect to "The Thorn" they were mistaken; it really was not prolix, as they imagined. In the other, as Mr. Hutchinson puts it, he calmly gave his friend and his friend's ballad away to the enemy!

It was not loyal, to say the least of it. And yet it was not treacherous in act, for Wordsworth did it with Coleridge's knowledge and assent. Nor can we suppose he meant it treacherously. Most of us know, and some of us have learnt by private experience, how the excusable self-esteem of great men makes them honestly oblivious of a friend's right when it happens to stand in the way of their own. Their destinies, they feel, are the greater, and are not to be hindered by small claims. They believe so quite sincerely. They simply do not see that their friend has a claim on their honour. They seem, to lesser men, to *lack a sense*. It is a small penalty to pay for greatness: and since the lesser men bear the cost of it for them, the great men come off on the whole very fortunately.

So we need not vex ourselves over Wordsworth's action. But what magnanimity must have been Coleridge's, who saw how Wordsworth wished to sacrifice him, who understood the stark selfishness of the act, and serenely, cheerfully, gave his assent to it! "He who would love his fellow men, must not expect too much of them"; above all, if they happen to be great. But one may hope that Coleridge smiled as he assented, and please ourselves with believing that in his tolerant smile Coleridge showed himself, for a moment at least, the wiser and better man of the two. To take too much opium is a distressing fault, no doubt; but to be used as Coleridge was used by his best friend, and take it with a gentle mind, is about the severest test of real nobility of character.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

RUSSIA ON THE SEA.

RUSSIA'S SEA-POWER, PAST AND PRESENT. By Colonel Sir George Sydenham Clarke. London: John Murray.

THIS book is well timed. Statistics about the Russian ships, their cost, armament, and displacement are plentiful; but a comprehensive survey of the growth and present value of the Russian sea-power has hitherto been wanting. It is a subject that needs breadth of treatment, and no one is better able so to treat it than Sir George Clarke.

As he points out, the Russian navy is an exotic: an artificial creation, not a natural growth. "An inland people, as they attained national consolidation, instinctively felt the need of maritime communications, and forced their way to the sea, which could be reached only in the half-frozen Baltic, the doubly land-locked Black Sea, and the remote North Pacific." The genius and energy of Peter the Great quickened this natural movement, but neither he nor his successors could overcome the geographical disabilities of Russia and the want of a seafaring population. Peter had the satisfaction of gaining a naval battle in the Baltic, but it was over a very inferior force, and was won largely by seamen drawn from Swedish provinces. "If the ambitions of Charles XII. had taken a naval rather than a military shape, the far wiser aspirations of Peter the Great would have been less quickly realised."

Not much was done by the navy under Peter's successors, and its chief exploit, the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Tchesmé in 1770, was due to British officers, of whom there was a large number in the Russian service, especially in the reign of Catharine II. That reign witnessed the second great step in the development of the sea-power of Russia—her definitive establishment upon the Black Sea—but this was the result of victories on land. Nelson, who had to co-operate with the Russian ships in the Mediterranean in 1798, had a poor opinion of them. He wrote: "The Russians, even if at sea, of which I see no prospect, cannot sail or be of the least service"; and it was a maxim of his, "Close with a Frenchman and out-manœuvre a Russian." If he could have had his own way in 1801 the battle of the Baltic would have been fought with Russians instead of Danes.

In the Russo-Turkish war of 1828-9 the Russians had the command of the Black Sea, and this helped them much in their land operations. They lost this command through the Crimean war, and felt the want of it in 1877-8. Their sailors played a gallant part on shore in the defence of Sebastopol, but, as Sir George Clarke remarks, they missed a great opportunity of attacking the allies on their way to the Crimea. "The force at the disposal of the British admiral could doubtless have defeated the Russian squadron in a fleet action; but, constituted as it was, it could hardly have prevented damage to the convoy sufficient to have frustrated the invasion of the Crimea." So we have lately seen the Americans, in spite of their naval superiority, postpone the embarkation of their troops until Cervera's squadron was sealed up in Santiago.

Since 1880 there has been steadily increasing activity in Russian naval construction. The naval expenditure has risen from three millions to seven millions a year. The tonnage of their battleships, built or building, which was 68 millions in 1885, is now 215 millions; and they took the lead in the construction of large armoured cruisers. Formerly their ships were designed mainly for coast defence; in the new departure "the desire to enable the navy to assume an offensive *rôle* in war is manifest." For such a purpose the co-operation of the French fleet, with its admirable bases in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, would be of the utmost value, "and the Franco-Russian understanding must necessarily be regarded as an attempt to create a counterpoise to British sea-power rather than as a combination directed against the Triple Alliance, now fallen into decrepitude." Sir George Clarke scouts the idea that "Russia has made a great mistake in taking Port Arthur," as Lord Salisbury lately told his hearers at the Albert Hall. "In substituting Port Arthur for Vladivostock as her principal naval station in the Far East, Russia gains immense advantages. . . . No territorial advance of Russia in the present century is comparable in importance to the step which has just been taken, after long and careful preparation." For the moment it is not a source of strength, but in less than ten years the Russian position in Manchuria will be unassailable.

A final chapter is devoted to Anglo-Russian relations, and many readers will no doubt prefer to begin the book at this end. The author's general view, as stated in the preface, is: "The expansion of Russia has conformed to a universal law, and up to the present time it is impossible to discover any violation of territory which Great Britain has ever desired to possess or over which we have any conceivable claim. No substantial grievance against Russia exists at this moment." In the case of China he holds that the policy of the open door, which we have proclaimed because it suits our own interests, "is practicable only by agreement with other Powers, or by our assumption of a protectorate over the whole of China. Such agreement is impossible, because other Powers are the interpreters of their individual interests, which, rightly or wrongly, they regard as different from our own. Great Britain is not prepared to assert a protectorate over China and to accept the immense responsibilities entailed. She has, however, an absolute right to define her sphere of influence, to secure within it the application of the doctrine of free ports, to treat violation of this sphere as a *casus belli*, and to prepare to defend it if the need arises." It may be doubted whether other nations would recognise this right, and help us to maintain it, and whether its assertion—say, as regards the Yangtsze Valley—would mend matters for us; but we have no room here to discuss so large a question.

There is an excellent map of Manchuria, and also one of the Russian Empire, at the end of the book.

AMERICAN REFLECTIONS ON MODERN DEMOCRACY.

UNFORESEEN TENDENCIES OF DEMOCRACY. By Edwin L. Godkin, M.A., D.C.L. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE time has not yet come, though it is approaching, when someone should give us a new comparative study of democracy as it shows itself in the countries which have tried it. Till that time arrives, nothing can be more helpful than such studies of the phenomena of democratic government as Mr. Godkin presents in the volume before us. His observation is close and keen. His descriptive powers are admirable. His opportunities for watching the phenomena and analysing their causes are unsurpassed, for the United States show these phenomena in greater variety and on a larger scale than any other country; and he has been fighting the wild beasts of Tammany Hall and the Protectionist demagogues of Washington for thirty years or more. The idea of his book is to show how democratic government has worked in a way which none of the philosophers and prophets of the past were able to foresee. As he observes in the preface:

> Democracy has done many things which its earlier promoters never thought it would do, and has left undone a great many things which they thought it would do. Not nearly all the deductions from the principle of equality have been correct. . . . Democracies have discovered new ways of doing things and have discarded many old ones. More particularly they have not shown that desire to employ leading men in the management of their affairs which they were expected to show. In fact, that wish of the people to control their own business which tormented the Old World for so many centuries has been fully gratified, but the people are not managing them in the ways that were expected.

The special purpose of the book is to call attention to some of these new ways. Four receive particular notice. One is the indifference of the new democracies to distinction and intellectual capacity in the men whom they choose as administrators and legislators. Another is the extraordinary importance which has been assumed by what is called in the United States the nominating machinery, *i.e.* the methods of selecting party candidates for office. A third is the decline in the quality, social, intellectual, and moral, of legislative bodies. And the fourth is the proneness of City governments to corruption, malversation, and abuses of all kinds. Each one of these phenomena, if not entirely confined to the United States, has been more conspicuous and more pernicious in that country than in any other; and it is Mr. Godkin's aim to explain how each of them shows itself, and how deeply each of them has struck its roots in that new soil which was supposed a hundred years ago to be likely to produce the most pure and peaceable fruits of popular government. He writes with great neatness and precision, and he is always close to the facts, and gives us solid matter to reflect on, differing in this conspicuously from three other writers of eminence who have lately handled the same theme. Sir Henry Maine's well-known book is hopelessly vague and rambling. It is brilliantly written, as indeed was everything else we owe to that fertile and ingenious pen. But it contains scarcely a proposition which can be either affirmed or controverted, and, except in the way of suggesting points of view, has added nothing to our knowledge of modern democracy. M. Emile de Laveleye, a graceful and accomplished writer, was not a close thinker, and has mingled too much sentiment with the description and the analysis of his "Gouvernement dans la Démocratie" to give the book any permanent value. He is sometimes edifying, but hardly ever convincing. Mr. Lecky's recently published "Democracy and Liberty" is rather a collection of flowing essays on English and Irish political controversies and so-called "social questions" than a serious attempt to grapple with the weighty and knotty problems which its title suggests. Mr. Godkin's book has a higher value for the scientific student than any of these three, for its descriptions are luminous and its analysis is exact. The chief drawback to its utility to Europeans seems to lie in the fact that it presupposes more knowledge of the political and social condition of the United States than can well be expected in European readers; and we have noticed in reading general reviews of it that have appeared in the English Press that the writers of those reviews have seldom caught what seem to us, after a careful examination of the book, to be the author's real conclusions, and the practical morals which he desires to draw.

To summarise those conclusions under the four heads which have been mentioned already would be difficult, for the book has itself put them in a form so concise as hardly to admit of further condensation. There is, however, one chapter to which special attention may fitly be called, because it deals with a matter common to all popular governments, and in which American experience can be more easily compared with that of other countries than in the case of those four phenomena. This is the formation of public opinion, the means of ascertaining what it is, the nature of the power it exerts. Here our author is, as usual, direct and incisive, arguing straight from the facts, unlike Sir Henry Maine and M. de Laveleye. Whether one agrees or not with his views, they are well worthy of attention. He observes that elections and newspapers are both of them very imperfect guides to the actual public opinion of a community at any given moment. He points out that journalists have begun to look (in the United States at least) more to advertisements than to subscriptions as the pecuniary support of their newspapers, and, therefore, care less to be in accord with the sentiment of their readers. The advertiser cares only for circulation, and circulation depends less than formerly on the views of the readers. He notes, what has been also noted in Europe, "the increasing incapacity of the reading public for continuous attention," and the consequent diminution of the effect of editorial writing on opinion, and adds a remark painfully true of European, no less than American, newspapers, that "business prudence prompts an editor, whether he understands the matter or not, to take what seems the patriotic view, and tradition generally makes the selfish, quarrelsome view the patriotic view. . . . In times of international trouble, the easiest way to increase the number of their readers *seems* to be to influence the public mind against the foreigner. This is done partly by impugning his motives in the matter in hand, and partly by painting his general character in an odious light. . . . Newspapers are made to sell, and for this purpose there is nothing better than war. War means daily sensation and excitement. On this almost any kind of newspaper may live and make money. . . . I do not think it an exaggeration or a calumny to say that the Press, taken as a whole—of course, with many honourable exceptions—has a bias in favour of war. It would not stir up a war with any country, but if it sees preparations made to fight, it does not fail to encourage the combatants." Finally, he concludes that "authority, whether in religion or morals, which, down to the last century, so powerfully guided opinion, has ceased to exert much influence on the affairs of the modern world," and that "the influence of history on politics was never smaller than it is to-day, although history was never before cultivated with so much acumen and industry; so that authority and experience may fairly be ruled out of the list of forces which seriously influence the government of democratic societies."

This whole chapter on public opinion is full of keen observation and vigorous thinking. Neither it nor the rest of the book makes cheerful reading for optimists. But the extraordinary optimism of those

among whom Mr. Godkin's lot has been cast naturally disposes an independent mind to state the facts with decision. And to do so is to render a service all the more valuable because it is rarely rendered.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST, CALLED ALSO THE ECCLESIASTICAL MUSIC. A Revised Translation, with Notes and Introduction, by C. Bigg, D.D., of Christ Church, Oxford. London: Methuen & Co.

"AMA NESCIRI" ("Love to be unknown") said the author of the "Imitation"—and how would he have regarded the controversy that has been waged over his name? He had written, far in the depths of a mental solitude, in his cell, for his own comfort and edification, yet as to brethren who might need his doctrine; and he had passed from silence to silence. But his little, unpretending volume has turned out to be the most widely printed of books after the Bible. It appeared when the Middle Ages were spent and dying in wars, contentions, heresies, logomachies; when scholasticism was decadent, the Church corrupt, the religious orders in decline, the Renaissance at the doors. It professed to have none of the graces of style that a new-old Pagan rhetoric was shortly to make the fashion. It had no scholarship; was simply and severely orthodox; and murmured the mediæval rhythms, echoing from the "sequences" at mass, or the hymns ecclesiastical, or the Latin Vulgate. And the Reformation should have swept it into limbo as a relic of exploded monasticism. But while the "Pilgrim's Progress" is for Puritans, the "Imitation" is for all; it has transcended the boundaries of creed and Church; it survives and is read in every European language; nor is there any sign that its hold upon the hearts of men will waver, in spite of tendencies the most opposed to its quiet wisdom that the world has yet seen.

And the quarrel over its authorship is at an end. In this last of the versions, sent out with every care, both as to style and appearance, that such a classic demands, Dr. Bigg has summed up in half a dozen paragraphs the present and decisive state of the case. Undoubtedly, Thomas Hemerken, or "Smith," called A Kempis from Kempen, his native place, near Crefeld, in the country of the Lower Rhine, did compose these four books; and his autograph, dating from 1441, bears the strongest internal evidence to what has always been the prevalent belief. French writers, indeed, have claimed that glory for Jean Chartier de Gerson, Chancellor of the Paris University, who was a remarkable figure at the Council of Constance, but never a monk, and not likely to employ the Germanisms that colour this style. Another John Gersen, or Gessen, was invented, and set forth as Abbot of Vercelli, about the year 1215; but he could not have quoted from Aquinas or Bonaventura—as the "Imitation" does—and still less have referred to certain rhyming hexameters, the work of Thomas a Kempis himself, of which we find traces in the same volume. John Busch, in his "Windesheim Chronicle," written seven years before the death of A Kempis, whom he knew as a member of his own religious society, "The Brothers of the Common Life"—ascribes to him the authorship of the First Book. And there is much to confirm this witness. It may now be taken for granted that the "Imitation" represents and expounds a phase of Christian mysticism, the home of which was on the Lower Rhine, its affinities German, Dutch, and Flemish, and its pedigree traceable, along many windings, to Augustine, Bishop of Hippo—the Western Socrates, father of dogmatists, Platonists, contemplatives, and stepfather, at least, as many will hold, of Luther, Calvin, and Jansenius.

But A Kempis was not a Lutheran before Luther. "Everything that the reformers called into question," says Dr. Bigg, "is to be found in his writings. He availed himself of an Indulgence; he held the scholastic doctrine of Transubstantiation; he speaks without a shadow of misgiving of the adoration of saints, masses for the dead, lay communion in one kind, auricular confession, penance. To him the old mediæval system, just as it stood, was God's command." Born about 1380, dying in 1471, he spent his ninety years—the length of Wesley's life, and of Cardinal Newman's—in a period of extreme and aggravated religious confusion. It was the age of the Great Schism, the Lollards, the French and English wars, the Councils of Constance and Basle, the Hussites, and the fall of Constantinople. Amid these turmoils he joined the society which another Low Dutchman, Gerard Groot, had established, and which the famous spiritual master, Ruysbroek, had inspired. He never went to a university. His chief accomplishments were singing and the art of caligraphy, which he learnt, as he says, "in the Brotherhouse at Deventer"; and being "mercifully received" into the convent of Mount St. Agnes, near Windesheim, and there taking his vows, he abode in that place from 1406, with a brief exception, until his death, sixty-five years afterwards. Twice made sub-prior, and once procurator, of the establishment, he fell back into his favourite occupations of copying out good books and training the novices. He wore the black Augustinian habit, and has been drawn with a pale and pensive countenance. But we know him best from the "Imitation."

What are the qualities which have given his pages their unrivalled and ever-growing charm with multitudes in all the churches? with men so unlike as Luther, Wesley, Johnson, Lamennais, Ampère, Lamartine? with Leibnitz and Comte, with George Eliot and General Gordon? They bear a resemblance, on the one hand, to St. Augustine's "Confessions," on the other to St. Theresa's "Letters"; and, somewhat remotely, to the "Philothea" of St. Francis de Sales. A more impassioned, and perhaps not so healthy, school of sentiment prefers to them the "Meditations"—to call them by a common title—of feminine mystics, St. Gertrude, St. Catharine of Siena; and of Ruysbroek himself, who has lately come into a vogue among the French decadents that may not be lasting. When we take these measures of comparison, we shall find that A Kempis keeps the "golden mediocrity," which is restrained, moderate, and practicable; that he is classic because he is well-balanced, with something of the Sophoclean temper, grave and sweet, penetrating but never violent or overcharged. And his art, his management, much excels that of the rest, not altogether excepting St. Augustine's "Confessions," which have in parts an exuberance unknown to the Northern sobriety. A Kempis unites, with almost the master hand of Aristotle, though in a sphere so different, truths, principles, traditions, institutions, which it would be easy, as events have shown, to set in array one against the other. He is absolutely sincere and follows the Inward Light; nevertheless, he violates no ordinance, enters into a system he did not create, founds his religion upon the ethical conscience, accepts Christian dogma, and betrays only one sign of the dangerous extreme in mysticism—he cannot forbear a gentle rebuke of those who pursue too fiercely after knowledge. He is, says Dr. Bigg, a little wanting in gratitude to Aquinas.

But those that have gone to him for strength or comfort need not quarrel with Aquinas. The "Imitation" offers an aspect of things which philosophy can recognise; and it appeals to the many by its rare and delicate acquaintance with the folds of their heart, by its insight piercing to the deeps in which they spend weary days, and by its profound sense of pity, its dialogue, so varied, helpful, and tender, between Lazarus, lying forsaken on the world's threshold, and the Christ stooping to befriend him. It is singularly free from the mere vague of Pantheism just by this personal touch; and therefore it is Western, not Eastern—never sinking into Nirvana, it will not lose its hold upon the realities of history which Europeans alone

seem to have grasped and made sure to themselves. Hence, unlike the Persian poems and treatises of which a sentence here and there reminds us, it does not fall into monotone, it carries on the interest in a rising scale, and whether we end, as in the common editions, with the Eucharist, or as A Kempis would have us end, with the presence of the Spirit that soars above every symbol and sacrament, we feel that the differences, the individualities, of the world have not been sacrificed to an all-devouring Monism. From this point of view the "Imitation" is Hebrew or Greek; it has the strong dramatic contrasts, the intense self-possession which make of the Bible a story we can never exhaust, abounding in character, and victoriously human. The mystic in these chapters, unlike Omar Khayyam, will never get rid of "Me and Thee." His self-abnegation is not absorption in The One; he delights to read, as on an open page, in the book of the world, God's attributes; he is very sure that a man will be judged by his works; not even in the highest rapture does he dream that religion may be divorced from ethics. Simplicity and purity—nor one without the other: these are the two wings on which a man is lifted up. And of miracles, portents, secret knowledge—the Gnosis that may enlighten or merely dazzle the intellect—Thomas makes no account at all. His aim is peace, not intoxication, and still less, the power of working signs or wonders, which he neither ambitions nor greatly commends.

He is a mystic, for he believes in the direct experience of the Divine. His ethics are transcendental; his religion is friendship with Jesus. If he ever thought of calling this book the "Ecclesiastical Music"—a title found as far back as the Magdalen MS. of 1438—he must have intended thereby the Inward Life, but also that name of Jesus concerning which many wonderful things were written in the Middle Age. Dr. Bigg, not unwarrantably, yet perhaps a little daunted by the Zeitgeist, which is thought to love action, energy, progress, rather than peace, defends the mystic, at any rate when he is an A Kempis, "as a student, an artist, a devotee of the true, the beautiful, the good, who made no money," and as "a storage-ground of moral force." Certainly; but until we have decreed that poets, musicians, landscape painters, and mathematicians who dedicate themselves to pure theory, shall cease to exist, we need not apologise for the mystic. If religion is anything more than the worship of Humanity, it must imply communion with that which is beyond the veil. Such is the essence of mysticism. To have taught the secret of Divine communion with entire sanity, unfailing tenderness, and a truth of experience confirmed by generations, has been the reward of A Kempis, and would be so, though his name had perished. We will add our sense of gratification in reading the careful and harmonious English that Dr. Bigg has employed, founding himself on Anthony Hoskins, whose version, dating from about 1630, is still, in a form more or less disguised, the most popular. We could have desired, in a work which aims at perfection of rendering, that the English subjunctive had everywhere been strictly kept. And there are one or two needless obscurities. But these trifles may be forgiven. It is a beautiful and scholarly production, neither adding to the original nor taking aught from it, and deserves a welcome which we trust it will obtain.

A PHILOLOGIST IN WEST LANCASHIRE.

THE PLACE-NAMES OF THE LIVERPOOL DISTRICT. By Henry Harrison. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS is a kind of book we love to see, learning obeying the behests of local patriotism. No names fall so sweetly on the ear as those of the villages and valleys that were around us in our infancy. To analyse the feeling would be impossible; and were it possible, as indecent as "to botanise upon your mother's grave"; but there is no need for analysis. To the enthusiastic etymologist and name-hunter, one district may be as good as another. Dr. Skeat can be happy anywhere. To this class of person Mr. Harrison's little book may be recommended as safely as truffles to a pig. For ourselves, we are fain to confess that our interest in it is due to the fact that our domicile of origin belongs to the hundred of West Derby, and though we have travelled far since then, and seen, it must be owned, many fairer realms, never can we hear the words, Allerton, Hale, Speke, Childwall, Wavertree, without a tugging at the heart-strings. And though the hundred of Wirral is not so incrusted with emotion as the hundred of West Derby, none the less the names of Bidston, Bebington, Leasowes, and Raby will be as music in our ears until the day when

> "unto dying eyes
> The casement slowly grows a glimmering square."

We cannot hold with Mr. Harrison that it is matter for sadness that there is a Puddington, a Mollington, a Noctorum, and a Greasby in Wirral. "What ails the fellow" (Mr. Harrison must really forgive us) "at them?" Noctorum was to us a name of mystery ere we wore trousers. We never doubted it meant the dead o' the night. Mr. Harrison thinks it is Gaelic, and stands for "The Hill of the Tomb." In either case, how delightful! We cannot believe Mr. Harrison is a West Derby man, for he goes on: "We have often seen and heard prettier and more euphonious names than, say, Ravensmeols, Bold, Maghull, Skelmersdale, and Chowbent." We can only protest we haven't. To the youthful skater from Liverpool, eager to disport himself on the Sefton meadows, no cry was so welcome as "Maghull," that being the name of the railway station nearest the flooded fields. Even Chowbent, rough and raw as it may sound in southern ears, has associations of its own which, to the true Lancastrian, endow its vocables with a charm beyond Perugia or Siena.

But we must not quarrel with Mr. Harrison, who has a genuine passion for old names, and quotes with fine appositeness the noble lines of Wordsworth, written to express the change worked in Britain by the Saxon Conquest:—

> "Another language spreads from coast to coast;
> Only perchance some melancholy stream
> And some indignant hills old names preserve
> When laws and creed and people all are lost!"

Glorious lines indeed! To impute indignation to the hills and sorrow to the streams at the passing away of an ancient race is true poetry and bold metaphor, and it lurks with many other fine phrases in the too-frequent verbiage of the Ecclesiastical Sonnets so dear to Roundell Palmer.

Mr. Harrison, as in especial duty bound, begins with Liverpool. What does it mean? The Livers in its coat-of-arms may be disregarded. Whatever else Liverpool means it does not mean the pool of the livers! If it did, there would be no fun in etymology. Litherpool—that is, a dirty, stagnant, or lazy pool—is perhaps the generally accepted etymology. Carlyle, we remember, adopts it in "Past and Present"; not that Carlyle was an etymologist. The poor fellow was only a man of genius. In the neighbourhood of Liverpool there is a district called Litherland—does that, then, mean dirty land? It can hardly mean lazyland—the land of the lotus-eaters. Mr. Harrison favours the Norse *Hlitharland* and *Hlitharpollr*—the land of the slope and the pool of the slope. In the case of *Hlitharpollr*, the *H* in Lancashire easily gets dropped as superfluous, and the *th* turns into a *v* in accordance with a diagram since published by Professor Max Müller. In *Hlitharland* the *th* did not get changed into a *v*, because, says Mr. Harrison, "until comparatively recent times Litherland has been a remote and secluded village"; and therefore, it may be supposed, never heard of Arendt's great work, *Beiträge zur Vergleichenden Sprachforschung*. Having thus turned Liverpool

into *Hlitharpollr*, Mr. Harrison proceeds to give alphabetically an etymological account of the place-names of the Hundreds of West Derby and Wirral. In these lists the etymologist may wallow like Leviathan in a lither pool.

Some roots are, indeed, tolerably obvious. There is the Anglo-Saxon Oak—that is, *ac*; there is the Borough, Burgh, and Bury, the Ham and the Har, the Kirk, the Lea, and the Shaw, the Stead, the Thorp, and the Thwaite—these need puzzle no one long. But what are we to say of Bickerstaffe, Culcheth, Haydock, Maghull, Tyldesley, Wavertree? Here is room for "guessology." Mr. Harrison has evidently spared no pains to make his book, small as it is, an accurate and scholarly performance. His List of Works quoted is a most formidable one. We commend "The Place-Names of the Liverpool District" not so much to etymologists, for they will probably find it out for themselves, but to all Lancastrians. The mottoes in front of the title-page are oddly chosen. We are always so glad to meet Matthew Arnold and Nathaniel Hawthorne anywhere that the quotations from them may well pass, but Mr. Albert Smith's "Christopher Tadpole" is hardly worth citation merely for the pleasure of printing "That's a great city and those are the lamps. It's Liverpool." But the last motto is the funniest of all. It appears from it that on some occasion the future Bishop of Calcutta was kind enough to say: "In the United Kingdom there is no city which from early days has inspired me with so much interest, none which I would so gladly serve in any capacity, *however humble*, as the city of Liverpool." This sounds very good of Mr. Welldon; but perhaps his ideas and ours as to what is a humble capacity might not agree. We suggest that his interest in Liverpool should take the form of a brochure on the etymology of the word *Mersey*.

CONCERNING CUBA.

CUBA PAST AND PRESENT. By Richard Davey. London: Chapman & Hall.

IN this volume Mr. Richard Davey, an Englishman who has had the advantage of experience as a New York journalist, has welded together into a fairly homogeneous book accounts of the geography and history of the Pearl of the Antilles, descriptions of Cuban life as seen by him "some years ago," facts about Cuba furnished by friends and collected from books, and particulars of a visit to Nassau in the Bahamas. He has added, as appendices, a sketch of the boyhood of Columbus and some notes on old West Indian days. The value of bookmaking of this kind depends, of course, upon the amount of cleverness and judgment which is brought to the task. As Mr. Davey appears to have sufficient of both qualities, his book reminds one somewhat of those excellent dishes which a good West Indian cook will produce from two or three special ingredients plus a little of everything, and will then serve with an indefinable but appetising sauce.

It is almost proverbially difficult to offer readers masses of information with an assured air and in an entertaining form, without making a number of errors, and such mistakes are treated leniently by any critic who has personal experience of the difficulties of collecting and sifting memoranda. Sundry misprints in Mr. Davey's book, such as "cerus" for cereus, and some rather off-hand decisions of disputed points, led us to examine a few of his historical statements. But "Cuba Past and Present" has borne this test satisfactorily, and we may safely assert that it is far ahead of most works of its class as to accuracy. And its interest is undeniable. The reader who has visited the Antilles will welcome such passages as that describing (with due reservations) the monotonous "Cubana" dance because he has been startled by its appearance in the British West Indies. He will smile at the author's reminder that the green cocoanut, which one intends to supply a delicious cool drink, should be "gathered before dawn, and kept as much in the shade as possible until wanted." He will compare Mr. Davey's account of the Cuban white peasants, the guajiros, with what he has seen of the remnant of this class in Barbados. On the other hand, readers who have not studied West Indian life in the islands themselves ought to find amusement or instruction on every page. Havana, a city of nearly a quarter of a million inhabitants, which (in the sixteenth century) had an Englishman for its first bishop, and was captured by England in 1762, is admirably depicted as it was before recent hostilities commenced. Santiago, at one time a literary centre, the birthplace of Heredia the elder, and of Milanes, who "saw life through tears," is the subject of nearly a whole chapter. And interludes such as the account of Napoleon's last physician constantly diversify Mr. Davey's genial narrative.

Cuba differs from our own West Indian Islands in having a larger white Creole element than they have. Indeed, Mr. Davey estimates the white natives as more than a third of the entire population. (It is from the inclusion of white planters and professional men in the ranks of the insurgents that the rebellion against Spanish rule derives its importance in the eyes of those who understand West Indian matters.) These white Cubans have usually regarded the island as a *patrie*, not merely as a place to make money in. They have built substantial residences, have supported public enterprises, have beautified village churches, and have protected the landscape. A West Indian island needs white residents who are contented to live and die in it, as well as a progressive "coloured" labourer class. Let those who are called upon to govern Cuba lay this fact to heart.

"Cuba Past and Present" has some illustrations, an excellent index, and a useful map which includes Key West, Jamaica, and Porto Rico.

SIR RICHARD BURTON AS ANTI-SEMITE.

THE JEW, THE GYPSY, AND EL ISLAM. By the late Captain Sir Richard F. Burton. London: Hutchinson & Co.

THIS book is thoroughly characteristic, both in style and matter, of the late Sir Richard Burton, and will, at least in Jewish quarters, awaken some of the opposition which in his lifetime was aroused by nearly everything that he said or did. It was during his residence at Damascus as British Consul, and between the years 1869 and 1871, that he collected materials for writing "The Jew," and it was ready for publication in 1875. But friends to whom he submitted the MSS. advised him not to publish it owing to its anti-Semitic tendency, and on the ground that "so long as he remained in the service of the Government of a country where the Jews enjoy unprecedented power and position, it would be unwise, to say the least of it, for him to make enemies of them." For this and other reasons he determined not to publish the book until he retired from the Consular service; but he died five months before the date fixed for his retirement.

Burton shows no sympathy with what he sarcastically describes as the "Liberal" view which declares that the faults of the Jews are due to oppression, and that the persecution from which they suffered for so many centuries was the outcome of the bigotry and avarice of those among whom they lived. He cites extracts from the Talmud and their Rabbinical writings to prove that the Jews returned hate with hate and atrocity with atrocity, and that their isolated position was freely chosen by them, and not merely the result of the reluctance of Christian or Moslem to associate with them. The Gentile, says one learned teacher whom he quotes, is a brute and must be treated as such; he must be prevented, as far as possible, from holding landed property. Rabbi Jacob Be-Rab goes still further, and after asserting that it is unlawful to pull a Gentile out of

a well into which he has fallen, declares that a Jewish physician should usually kill a Christian patient whilst pretending to cure him, provided always there be no fear of detection. Rabbi Joseph Caro of Safed remarks that a Jewish physician who takes a fee for attending a Christian patient without having at least attempted to poison him is like a woman who sells her honour for a price.

Burton also gives a number of instances of atrocities which have been perpetrated by Jews upon Christians; and one of them is of so remarkable a character and comparatively of such recent date, that it is given here in the author's own words:—"A certain Signor Antonio Gervalon, born at Castiglione d'Osta, and settled in business at Turin, happened, when walking with his wife, Guglietta Bonnier, to enter the Jewish quarter. This Ghetto used to be closed at night, as in Hamburg and Frankfort. Whilst he was talking with one of his Hebrew acquaintances, Madame Gervalon left him, and strolled on a short way. Suddenly she was mobbed by a crowd of Jews, who hustled her forwards, and at last forcibly thrust her into a *souterrain* closed by a trap-door. She was stripped to the waist, and presently visited by two Rabbis, who, after reading their books for about half an hour, retired, saying, 'Voi dovete morire.' The husband, after the conversation ended, followed his wife, whom all the Ghetto folk denied having seen; and thinking that perhaps she had gone home, he returned there to seek her, but in vain. Thence he went to various houses, till a relative said to him in jest, 'Have a care! You know how the Jews treat us Christians.' The words struck him. He hurriedly collected a party of policemen; and whilst these searched the Ghetto, he went about shouting "La mia moglie! La mia moglie!' ('My wife! My wife!'). Though half dead with fear, the lady at length screamed a reply, and was saved. The affair was hushed up with money, which made the Jews as powerful at Turin as they are at Aleppo and Damascus; but the tale was long told by the children of Madame Gervalon." This incident is alleged to have occurred in the early part of the present century.

Popular opinion as to the country from which the gipsies came has alternated between Spain and Egypt. There have also been many and contradictory theories on the subject amongst the learned in chinganology. Burton wrote "The Gypsy" partly to support the theory that the gipsy is of the same race as the Jat of the Indus Valley, and partly to prove that he was the first to advance this theory as opposed to a M. Paul Bataillard, a very voluminous writer on chinganology. As is well known, Burton commenced his career as a lieutenant in the Bombay Army, and it was during this period of his life and while quartered in Sindh that he was first struck with the physical and mental resemblance between the Jat and the gipsy. This was in 1845; and during his travels in different parts of the world he continued his studies. He certainly makes out a very plausible case; it might be said a convincing case if the subject were not an ethnological one. The instances of similarities in language given by Burton in support of his theory require a greater acquaintance with the niceties of Indian languages than it is probable the ordinary reader will possess. But the most unlearned will be able to appreciate the evidence drawn from physical and mental peculiarities. The Jat and the gipsy have the same swarthy appearance and black hair, and the same characteristic gipsy eyes, which all those who have written about the Jat have observed. Their habits and customs, and the opinion held of them by their neighbours both in the East and West, are curiously alike. "Throughout the eastern parts of Central Asia," says Burton, "the name 'Jat' is synonymous with 'scoundrel'"; and again, he writes: "the term Jat is popularly applied to a low and servile creature, or to an impudent villain." These facts form but a small part of the evidence adduced by Burton to show that the gipsies were the last wave of the Aryan emigration to reach Europe, and those who are interested in the subject should carefully read "The Gypsy."

Little need be said about the third portion of the book except that it contains an eloquent argument in favour of the theory that good results have flowed from El Islam in the East. Coming at a time when Asiatic Christianity was in an utterly degraded condition, it both spiritualised and humanised vast numbers of people; and Burton contends that Mahomet should be regarded as one of the great reformers and benefactors of the world. Speaking with unique authority on this subject, Burton asserts that Mahomedanism is by no means a dying faith, and roundly alleges that if Christianity were ever to assail it, "the Moslem scimitar, rusty as it is with the rust of ages, will prove the good metal of which it was in the beginning forged."

The preface and notes added by the editor, Mr. W. H. Wilkins, are of great assistance in helping the reader to appreciate and understand this interesting addition to the already large number of works by the late Sir Richard Burton.

LITERARY AMERICA.

AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Katharine Lee Bates. New York: The Macmillan Co. London: Macmillan & Co.

IT is not often that a small book of less than 350 pages, crammed with names, dates, biographies, and critical appreciations of probably more than that number of writers, shows so much brightness of style as the little volume before us. The authoress, who is a member of Wellesley College, Massachusetts, has studied her subject from the colonial period, when, indeed, there was not much of it to study, and what was to be found was the pale reflection of conventional English models of the period. She has, of course, mentioned a good many people who are likely to remain mere names to most of her readers on both sides of the Atlantic, and whom, indeed, life is too short to read now. The unfriendly critic may treat their presence, if he pleases, as a proof of the barrenness of the land. But of all the writers who really live, and will live—and they are many—we get exceptionally graphic sketches, written with a condensed vigour, and (so far as we can estimate it) a uniform justice of appreciation which is rare indeed. It is not easy, moreover, to keep the language of mere compliment out of such a book—in other words, to avoid "gush." But the authoress has done so, nevertheless. We get, of course, all that we have a right to expect. Poe and Holmes and Lowell, Longfellow and Hawthorne, Whittier and the Transcendentalists, have full justice done them. But we are grateful for the numerous studies of really great writers who might have been ruled out of "literature" in the narrowest interpretation of the term, but whose persons are interesting as well as their works. Jonathan Edwards, theologian and determinist, Cotton and Increase Mather, the Puritan witchfinders, in the earlier period, Parkman and Prescott, and, whatever the critics may say, even W. D. Howells, well deserve the notice they here receive. Even novelists so recent as the late H. D. Bunner (caviare to the general over here, because of his local colour) and minor poets like FitzGreene Halleck, have their place in Miss Bates' pages. Moreover, we get what we have rarely found among Americans, especially among Bostonians — a dispassionate estimate of Walt Whitman. But what we like best in the book is the attempt to correlate American literature with the conditions of American life. Here, for instance, are graphic indications of colonial life and manners:

> Cosy times they were for all their Puritan austerities and their public anxieties and losses. Indian alarms, threatened charters, tyrannical governors, still left quiet space for social and domestic cheer. There was abundance of marmalade and blackberry brandy, feasts as well as fasts, weddings as well as

funerals, though perhaps the chastened taste of the day enjoyed the funeral most. . . . A four-year-old might get "whipped pretty smartly for his playing at prayer-time and eating when return thanks" (*sic*), but it was in those colonial twilights that over a Boston cradle were first crooned the melodies of a humble poetess, better beloved by time than "the Tenth Muse" or any rhyming theologian of them all—Mother Goose.

It should be explained that the Tenth Muse was Mistress Anne Bradstreet, who, however, shone only by her isolation in a whole hemisphere.

We like, too, the brief sketch of the "winning of the West," the estimate of American conditions to-day, and—not least—the brief references to American art. And there is food for thought in the account of the patriarchal, conservative "Southern chivalry," who had ample leisure and considerable culture, and were barren of literature nevertheless. It may be added that the book contains a number of portraits and a useful list of American writers. Unlike most handbooks of this compressed kind, it is not only readable, but stimulating and interesting, and we can cordially recommend it to our readers.

FICTION.

An Episode in Arcady. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. London: C. Arthur Pearson.

The Hepsworth Millions. By Christian Lys. London: Frederick Warne & Co.

"An Episode in Arcady" is one of the pleasantest bits of frivolity, tempered by sentiment and sweetened with romance, that the most insatiable novel-reader could desire. The author transports us straight into the sunny land of love's young dream, into a golden atmosphere of dainty flirtation, gradually deepening into something more serious, but equally fascinating; and, from the first page to the last, the pretty comedy is played with delightful zest and most convincing ardour by the brace of sweethearts concerned in it. The plot of the story is frankly farcical, and in clumsier hands than Mr. Sutcliffe's might easily have seemed a trifle vulgar; but so delicately does he handle the audacities of his two very charming heroines, as innocent as they are bewitching, that the reader's taste is never for one moment outraged by the startling unconventionality of these young ladies' proceedings. The unconventionality makes itself apparent in the opening chapter, wherein Rolf Ferris, the young and handsome Squire of Leyton, catches a poacher of a very unusual type in the act of hooking a fine trout from his strictly preserved trout-stream. The pretty poacher—for it is none other than Miss Olive Thirlowe, the fair and sprightly daughter of a noble house—is, at the moment of her detection, aggravating her guilt by the derision she is heaping upon Mr. Ferris's loyal gamekeeper, as the latter seeks to deter her from her criminal course. Enchanted with the girl's wit and beauty, Rolf Ferris forthwith becomes her slave, and for a space of three days the little witch works her deadly spell upon him, with the result that the unfortunate Squire is not only plunged over head and ears in love with her, but is launched on a very sea of dissimulation and downright falsehood, by reason of the necessity for hoodwinking Miss Thirlowe's *chaperon* as to the circumstances of the first meeting. Spurred by the laudable desire to shield the young lady from the consequences of her initial indiscretion in conversing—and worse still, lunching—with a total stranger, the Squire assumes another personality, and introduces himself to the *chaperon* of Miss Thirlowe as Captain Maitland, V.C., the son of an old friend. Mr. Ferris's unenviable situation is rendered still more trying by the fact that he is engaged to quite another lady, namely, his cousin, Dagmar. Neither he nor his cousin has the smallest real love for each other, their marriage having been "arranged" by their respective families in the days of their infancy; but honour and conscience clamour within his breast in a very disturbing fashion when he realises that not only does he love Olive, but that she very palpably loves him in return. Learning the truth concerning Dagmar, Miss Thirlowe firmly bids farewell to her new lover, and they part in deep dejection. But, meanwhile, Miss Dagmar Ferris has herself been wandering in the pleasant paths of Arcady, and has, in fact, experienced an awakening almost identical with that of her reluctant *fiancé*. Going on a visit to a bachelor uncle in the North, she there encounters a young painter, poor and charming as the ideal wandering artist, and he unlocks for her the secret of her own heart, teaching her that her quiet affection for Rolf Ferris has never been more than cousinly, and that he himself, Jack Wyliss, is the true lord of her love. With the due unravelment of this double complication in hearts, the rest of the entertaining little story is concerned, and the reader's interest is never allowed to flag during its tangled course. It is needless to point out that no book with so romantic a title as "An Episode in Arcady" could fail to have a happy ending; and so the two pairs of lovers are duly recompensed for the agitation of feeling they have undergone in their heroic struggle between love and duty. The story is, in its fanciful way, a charming one, and all lovers ought at once to read it, if only to arm themselves with so potent a weapon against Mrs Grundy as the book affords. We congratulate Mr. Sutcliffe upon his creation of two specially attractive heroines in Olive and Dagmar, with both of whom the reader falls almost as much in love as did the Squire and the painter.

Sir Michael Hepsworth, concerning whom we learn in "The Hepsworth Millions," had returned from India, after an adventurous youth, the possessor of a bad wife and an enormous fortune. Twenty millions sterling is the modest sum at which it was appraised by those who professed to know. But there was one fact regarding the fortune which was somewhat unusual. Nobody knew of what it consisted; nobody, that is to say, except certain conspirators who were trying to rob Sir Michael of his millions. To these worthy persons it was no secret that the fortune consisted of the finest collection of gems in the world. They knew, moreover, that Sir Michael had become the owner of these treasures by fraud. Stolen originally from a great Indian prince, they had been stolen several times since from their temporary owners, the last and most successful thief being Hepsworth himself. It is hardly surprising to find that Sir Michael was a melancholy man, suspicious of everybody, including the lady whom he had promoted from the post of housekeeper to that of wife; and it must be confessed that Sir Michael was not without reason for his suspicions of her ladyship. She had an unpleasant habit of peeping and prying in his private room whenever his back was turned, in the hope of getting some clue to the whereabouts of his treasure. She had a disreputable male acquaintance, whom she introduced to her husband as her nephew, and with whom she had many secret interviews, when the conversation turned solely upon the mysterious millions. Nay, she went so far as to drug her husband, hoping not, perhaps, to kill him, but to weaken his mind, and thus make him her tool. Sir Michael and his wife lived in a lonely house in the country, with one female servant, and a fine assortment of ghosts. He was miser, as well as millionaire, and one day, in a moment of recklessness, he informed his wife that whilst he intended to make suitable provision for her, his great fortune was to go to a certain godson whom he had never seen. The godson in question, a very virtuous young gentleman in reduced circumstances, was, as it happened, Sir Michael's nearest neighbour. Having lost all his money, he had taken a post as gamekeeper, filling up his leisure time by writing stories for the magazines and reading French novels. It was the latter occupation which, in the first instance, commended him to the notice of the beautiful Beryl Brandon, the governess in the family of the

gamekeeper's employer. When George Welch, as the young gamekeeper had called himself, fell in love with Miss Brandon, after saving her life at the risk of his own, he found that he had a rival in the person of his employer's son. This gentleman was one of the many persons interested in unveiling the mystery of Sir Michael's millions. Here, then, we have all the elements of a first-class melodrama: a hidden treasure, villains, male and female, plotting and counterplotting to secure it for themselves, and youth and beauty on the spot, in the shape of the gamekeeper and Beryl Brandon. The author, out of these promising materials, has woven an exciting tale of crime and its detection. His chief fault is that he has made the story too long by the introduction of superfluous figures, intended, we presume, to supply the element of humour in a tale which would otherwise have been almost too gloomy. To those who like strong melodrama, "The Hepsworth Millions" may be safely recommended. When once begun, it is not a book which will be readily laid aside until its many mysteries have been revealed.

MORE MAGAZINES.

In *Macmillan's Magazine* Major Mockler-Ferryman tells the story of the Uganda Mutiny, entering fully into its causes and discussing its effects. Mr. H. C. Macdowall, in his appreciative article on Jules Michelet—the historian who was intended by nature for a poet—sums up the latter's charm in a few words, as "the teacher's greatest gift, a genius for inspiring students with a wish to learn. He stimulates interest and curiosity more than almost any other writer." "The Basis of International Law" is the subject of an article by Mr. Thomas Baty, and Mr. David Hannay reviews the new edition of "Don Quixote." Fiction is represented by an instalment of "The Treasury Officer's Wooing" by Mr. Cecil Lowie, and a short story by Mr. C. K. Burrow.—A contributor to the *Idler*, writing of "Nonsense Verses," compares Edward Lear with the author of "Alice in Wonderland." "Mr. Dodgson," he says, "preferred his mathematics to his Alices; Mr. Lear preferred his painting to his Nonsense Verses. Mr. Dodgson desired the world to look upon him as a mathematician; Mr. Lear desired it to look upon him as a painter." But the world, preferring Nonsense to the mathematics of the one and the pictures of the other, treated both men alike. Mr. Ernest Radford writes of Albert Moore, and Mr. C. K. Burrow of "Literary and Artistic Hampstead." Messrs. F. Anstey, Fred Whishaw, and G. S. Street contribute fiction, and a charming short story—"A Royal Wooing"—is from the pen of Miss Evelyn Wills.—In an interesting article in *Longman's Magazine* Miss A. Werner tells of her personal acquaintance with the locust, and gives some curious experiences in connection with the swarm which appeared in the Shiré Highlands, where they had not been seen for thirty years, in 1894. The Angoni use the locusts for food. "The most usual method of disposing of them, I am afraid," says the writer, "is to pull off their legs and roast them in a pot. . . . When the swarms passed over the mission itself, wild excitement seemed to seize on everyone, down to the dogs and cats. A worthy deacon of the native Church came to borrow the writer's butterfly net, and was thereupon seen performing wonderful evolutions about the grounds . . . followed by an enthusiastic posse of small brown boys." Miss Werner concludes her entertaining article with a picturesque legend.

In *Temple Bar* Mr. George Serrell relates the history of Endymion Porter, who was gentleman of the bed-chamber to Charles I., and who accompanied the young prince when, with Buckingham, he journeyed to Madrid to woo the Infanta. This gentleman of the bed-chamber with the remarkable name was one of the many victims of the fatal Stuart charm, and served his King with zeal throughout the Civil War, at the end of which he was obliged to take refuge in Paris. A contemporary of Porter, Thomas Carew, the lyric poet, is the subject of an article by Mr. Herbert M. Sanders. Mr. A. H. Diplock gives an appreciative criticism of Pierre Loti's work, and the writer of "The O'Donnells in Spain" deals with the fortunes of those members of the house of O'Donnell who descended from the Irish rebel who fled to Spain after the rout of the Boyne. Mr. W. E. Norris's serial story, "The Widower," is concluded, and Mr. Maarten Maartens contributes an instalment of "Her Memory."—Mr. William C. Mackenzie, writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of Lord Macaulay's ancestors, says of the historian's father, "To his influence was directly attributable all that was best and noblest in the life and character of his eldest son, Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay." The latter gained his genius as a historian from one Kenneth Macaulay, who lived in the eighteenth century, and who wrote a "History of St. Kilda." Mr. Arthur Smith contributes an interesting article on the brain-power of plants, and Mr. Cecil J. Mead Allen sketches the history of Oxford. Fiction is represented by a complete story, "Down Jabaloe Way."

The Battle of Manila Bay is described in detail in the *Century*, several eye-witnesses giving graphic accounts of the destruction of the Spanish fleet. Mr. Wallace Cumming writes of life in Manila, and Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip discusses the importance of the Philippine Islands. Mr. Mark Twain and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell are amongst other contributors to this number.—In *Chambers's Journal* Mr. Frederick Black describes some of the tall buildings of New York, the law of which city places no limitation upon the height of houses. The fact that a building is now being erected which is to be of twenty-nine stories shows how builders take advantage of the omission of restrictions. Other articles deal with the Money-lending Inquiry, cycle touring, and the cultivation and supply of fruit. "John Burnet of Barns" is concluded.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

Even a great insurrection, the mere tidings of which shakes the civilised world, must needs have its homely and human side, and it is that aspect of the Indian Mutiny which is principally set forth in these recollections of a retired Indian judge. They first appeared in Colonel F. C. Maude's somewhat costly collection of illustrated "Memoirs of the Mutiny," and are now published separately in a revised and convenient form, with the approval of Colonel Maude and the permission of his publisher. Those who read Mr. Sherer's unassuming narrative of what he saw in India in 1857 will come again and again upon passages which do more to bring home to the mind the scenes of the Mutiny than any sensational descriptions can do. At one page we see the attempt of two officials to have five o'clock tea as usual, although they are marching with the relief column to Cawnpore. General Havelock rides up, the tea is hastily gulped down, and in a moment firing begins as Barrow dashes ahead with his cavalry. Elsewhere is a little word-etching which fixes in the memory the figure of Mrs. George Probyn escaping from the massacre which had cost her two of her children, and hardly sure that she has saved the others, yet not only brave and calm, but always "neatly dressed." Nor can one easily forget the Capuchin missionary who brought comfort in the shape of a Rheims Testament to many a Protestant who dreaded to hear what might be the next news of dear ones shut up in Lucknow. But Mr. Sherer can speak, with the singular force of unadorned truth and sincerity, of higher things than these. The great Outram was his friend, and in the pages of these recollections the "Indian Bayard" lives again. And there is more than one valuable mention of General Neill, whose sterling virtues are rightly held as condoning the self-assertion which was mere manner. Perhaps the most impressive part of the book is the description of the "ladies' house," the scene of the

* Daily Life during the Indian Mutiny. Personal Experiences of 1857. By J. W. Sherer, C.S.I. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

A Concise Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities. Edited by F. Warre Cornish, M.A. London: John Murray.

Architectural Review. Vol. III. (December—May, 1897-8). London: Effingham House, Arundel Street.

A Summer on the Rockies. By Major Sir Rose L. Price, Bart. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd.

massacre of English women and children at Cawnpore, and of the well which received the victims' remains; by the very force of his effort to avoid setting down gruesome details the author gives us a thrill of horror. But many readers will linger longest over the story of a young Mahomedan who volunteered—out of pure chivalry and good-feeling—to try and stop a certain Sepoy attack. Few Englishmen could tell that anecdote without feeling a choking sensation at the throat. Not the least interesting feature of these recollections is their unconscious revelation of the writer's character. As long as England can send out to India officials to whom honour, courage, and justice are as the very breath of life, she need not waver in her conviction that she has a great mission to fulfil in the East.

The editor of the *Classical Review*, Mr. G. E. Marindin, having recently edited a "Classical Dictionary" for upper forms, undergraduates, and scholars generally, the Vice-Provost of Eton, Mr. F. Warre Cornish, has edited the volume before us to be a companion to it. The preparation of the work for the press was originally entrusted to Mr. Raymond Maude, but he unfortunately died before the completion of the work. Like Mr. Marindin's work, the present dictionary is based on the well-known one of Sir William Smith. On the one hand, the editor's task has been to abridge for the sake of conciseness, on the other to incorporate the results of the recent researches of scholars and archæologists. The illustrative side has been expanded, upwards of two hundred extra illustrations having been incorporated. This is generous, but we still think that several pages of the excellent text could be spared in exchange for a few more hundred illustrations. Much still remains to be done towards a full appreciation of the principle of appeal to the eye. Not only in dictionaries, but in editions of the classical tragedians, historians, and orators we would see the philological to a large extent replaced by the illustrative. Greek and Roman art should be married in earnest to Greek and Roman literature in our text-books, now that the archæological apparatus is plentiful and every year becoming more so. Rich's "Dictionary" (fourth edition, 1874), which may perhaps best be compared with this before us in the matter of compass, though containing less letterpress, has considerably more numerous illustrations. Of course, the articles in Mr. Cornish's work are vast improvements in the way of accuracy and fulness, and the selections of art-illustrations superior; but we regret that the proportion of illustration has been allowed to dwindle from that of Rich's popular "Dictionary." Another useful feature of Rich's "Dictionary" was a classed index, in which references were given under some twenty or thirty general headings, such as Attire, Meals, Theatre, and Religion. This sort of reference is not given here, although we have three excellent indexes of Greek, Latin, and English words, and tables of measures, weights, and money. The two appendices on Greek and Roman law, revised respectively by Messrs. Wayte and Whittuck, are likewise very praiseworthy features. As a source of illustrations, Baumeister's "Denkmäler des Klassischen Alterthums" naturally figures among authorities consulted, but, curiously perhaps, no acknowledgment is made to Seyffert's "Dictionary," Englished, revised, and edited by the late Prof. Nettleship and T. C. Sandys, and published in 1891, in which the articles giving general views of such subjects as Architecture, Music, and the Ecclesia were of special merit. Of Prof. Sandys's treatment of Mosaics more use might perhaps have been made with advantage. Again, an excellent principle adopted by Nettleship and Sandys was to mark the quantity of a word once in each article; this might well have been adopted here. While making note of such small points, we wish to convey our highest appreciation of the "Concise Dictionary" as of a most thorough and scientific work. The printing is admirably clear, the illustrations well selected and reproduced; and as to the letterpress, where all, so far as we have tested, is so well done, we hope it will not be invidious to single out as meritorious the articles on Pottery and Coinage. Mr. Warre Cornish and his co-operators may be congratulated on having produced in a convenient form a thoroughly up-to-date dictionary such as scholars may with confidence rely upon.

The *Architectural Review* has completed its third volume, and a very fine volume it makes with its excellent articles and illustrations and its good paper, print, and binding. The scope of the review is not narrowly circumscribed to its title; all the contributory arts and crafts are brought within this liberal and yet discriminating purview. House and church architecture of all climes and times looms large. The life and work of great sculptors, designers, mosaic-workers, and painters is the subject of authoritative essays, and even such a subject as "The Relation of Journalism to the Arts" is discussed. The illustrations are particularly rich and well chosen, such eminent artists as Sir E. Poynter, J McNeill Whistler, Jean Carriès, Joseph Pennell, and others being represented. The Royal Academy and the Louvre ivories give occasion for special supplements.

Sir Rose Price is known in the world of books as the author of "The Two Americas," and in circles which follow closely what may be called the biographical history of the British Army he is remembered as the officer who commanded the storming party at the Pei Ho forts. Last summer the gallant baronet was invited to visit a relative, and former comrade in shooting expeditions, who was then the general in command of the Platte department of United States army posts. Meeting his friend at Omaha, the British sportsman found that he was about to experience the lavish hospitality which Americans of position like to exhibit to favoured guests. The fact that he was soon travelling amid all the luxury of a railroad superintendent's private car, with General Coppinger as host, and part of the general's staff as companions, did not, however, blunt Sir Rose Price's eagerness for the sporting expedition itself, which began directly after the railroad had been abandoned at Carson. From sage-grouse to trout, from wild geese to antelopes, from elk to "big horns," nothing in the way of legitimate sport came amiss to the author. And that he had a quick eye for natural wonders, such as abound in the district traversed by his party, his pages about the "cañons" and waterfalls of the Yellowstone National Park abundantly prove. Indeed, it is safe to assume that it must have been very pleasant to entertain a guest so thoroughly bent upon enjoying himself and upon noticing everything in the way of sights. Sir Rose Price does not even forget to commend particular dishes, such as the porcupine served *en brochette* with bacon, and the trout cooked in a boiling spring. And we may mention that "A Summer on the Rockies" contains, partly scattered among its other contents and partly collected into an appendix, some rather flattering criticism of, and much valuable statistical matter about, the United States Army. Any English sportsman who thinks of visiting the "Rockies" will do well to read this book and to study the map which faces its first chapter. Let him also strive to imitate Sir Rose Price's habit of meeting difficulties with cheeriness, and hospitality with a quick recognition of kindness. Then he will be tolerably sure to have what some Americans call "a real good time" among the "Rockies," although he may not see them to such advantage as did our author.

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